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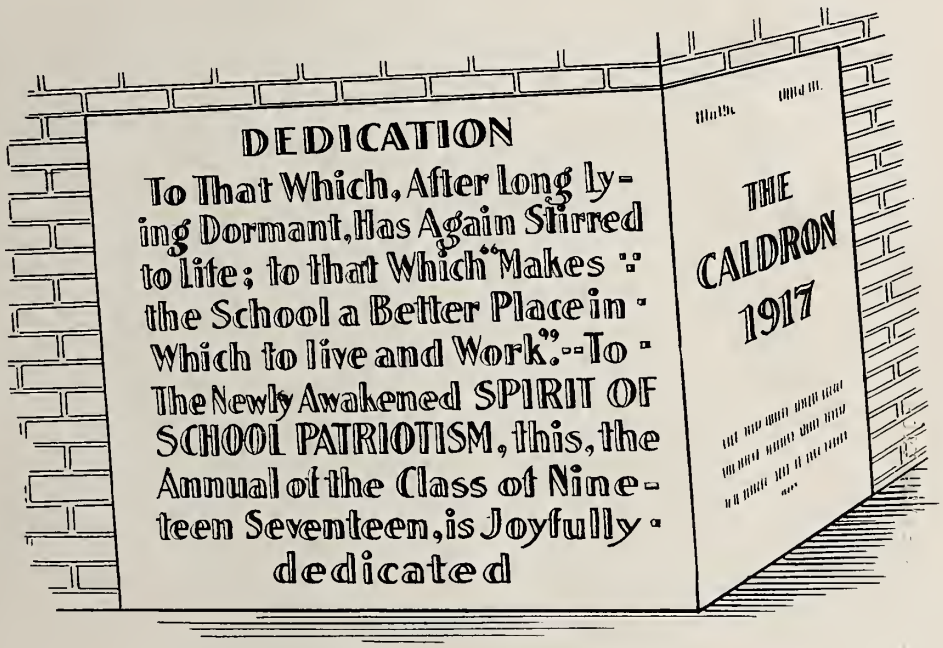
The Caldron

THE
1917
CALDRON


DEDICATION
To That Which, After Long Lying Dormant, Has Again Stirred to Life; to that Which "Makes the School a Better Place in Which to live and Work."--To The Newly Awakened SPIRIT OF SCHOOL PATRIOTISM, this, the Annual of the Class of Nineteen Seventeen, is Joyfully dedicated
THE
CALDRON
1917

THE 1917 CALDRON

LOUIS C. WARD

Principal of the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School

THE CALDRON 1917

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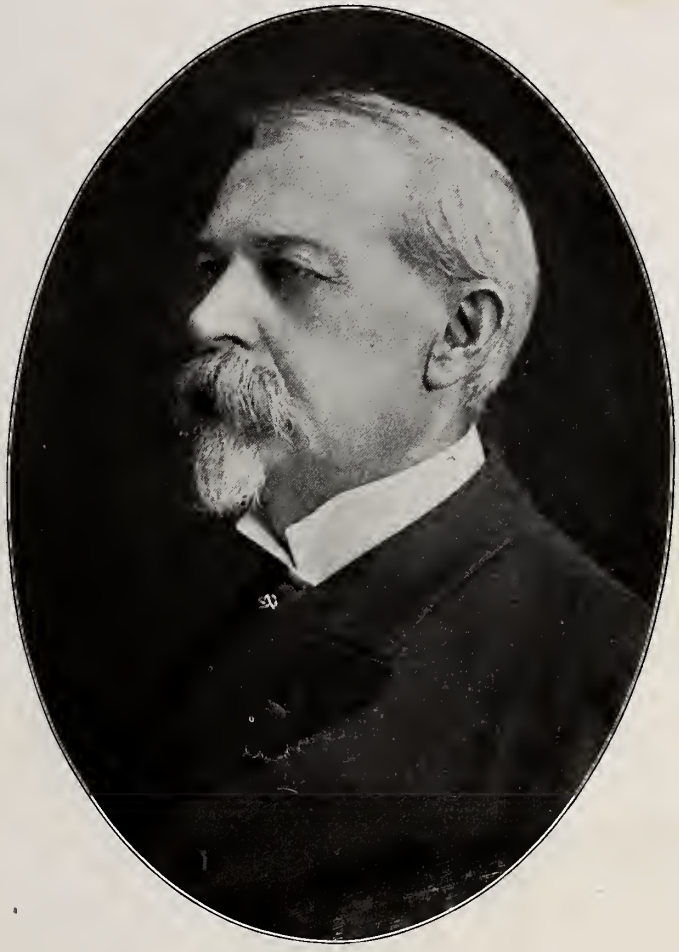


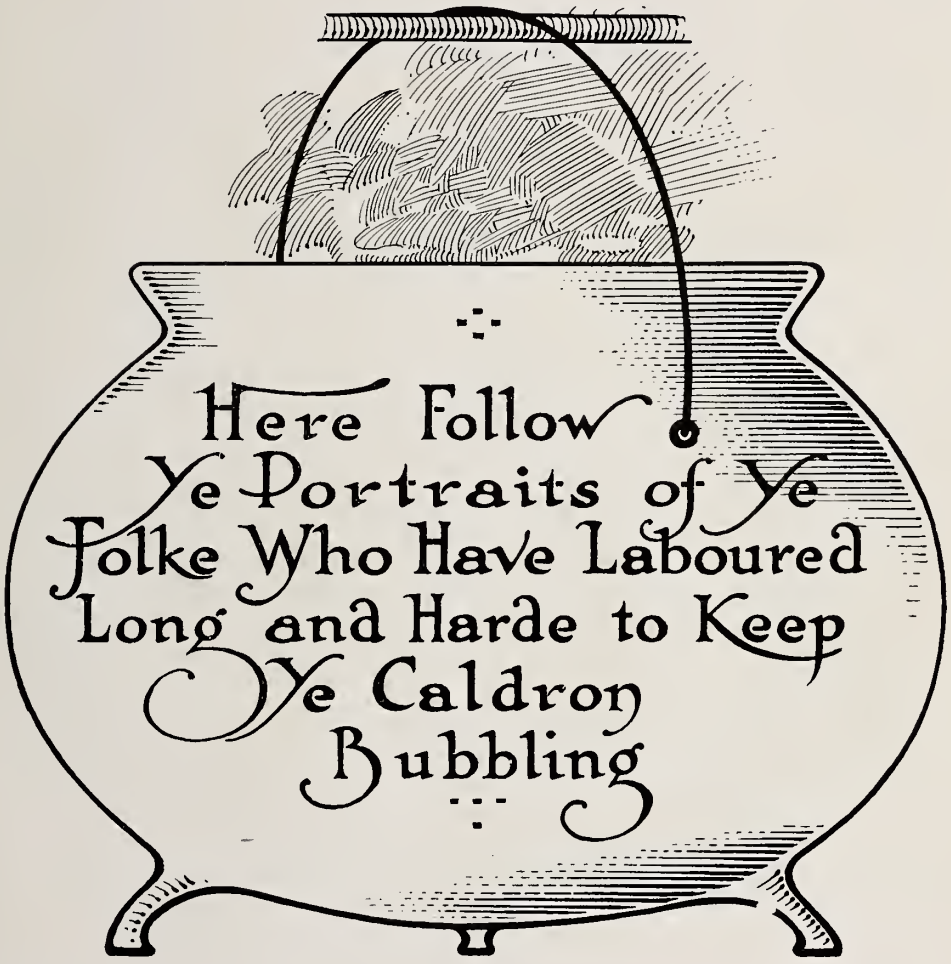
JUSTIN N. STUDY

Superintendent of the Public Schools of Fort Wayne, Indiana

JUL 16 1937

Foreword

Every Class has or should have a motto. That of the Class of Nineteen-Seventeen has been "Originality." Since this Annual is a monument and a memorial to that Class, it seems fitting that this memorial should be a lasting example of the Class's motto. Therefore with this in view, we, the editors of this book, have done our utmost to make it truly original in every respect. Whether or not we have succeeded is for you, the reader, to judge. And may your judgment be mercifully lenient.


Here Follow
Ye Portraits of Ye
Folke Who Have Laboured
Long and Harde to Keep
Ye Caldron
Bubbling

THE CALDRON 1917

The 1917 Caldron Staff

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Mary Williams — Esther Schild — Louise Tyger

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EXCHANGE

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Lowell Miles — Safara Witmer

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William Regenauer '18	Earl Wooding, '18
Olga Sihler, '19	Fletcher Hall, '19
Katherine Lose, '20	Walker McCurdy, '20

AN AWAKENING

In many respects, this has been an epoch-making year for old F.W.H.S. For the first time in years, we have had some real athletics. Our girls' basketball team finished the season with a perfect record, having defeated every opponent. The boys' basketball team did not quite so well, but it made a fine showing. For the first time in several years, the Senior Play was a real success, financially and otherwise. For the first time in the history of the school, a debating team was organized and came thru the season with but one defeat. And, for the first time in the memory of the present staff, the Caldron has come thru the year without a single unpaid debt to its discredit.

Certainly these things all go to make a wonderful showing in themselves. But there is a deeper significance underlying all this—the fact that the school is interested, that it has awakened. Athletics is not a success because of the number of games won, or a failure because of the number of games lost. Whether it is a success or not, depends upon whether the school is interested and loyal to the teams.

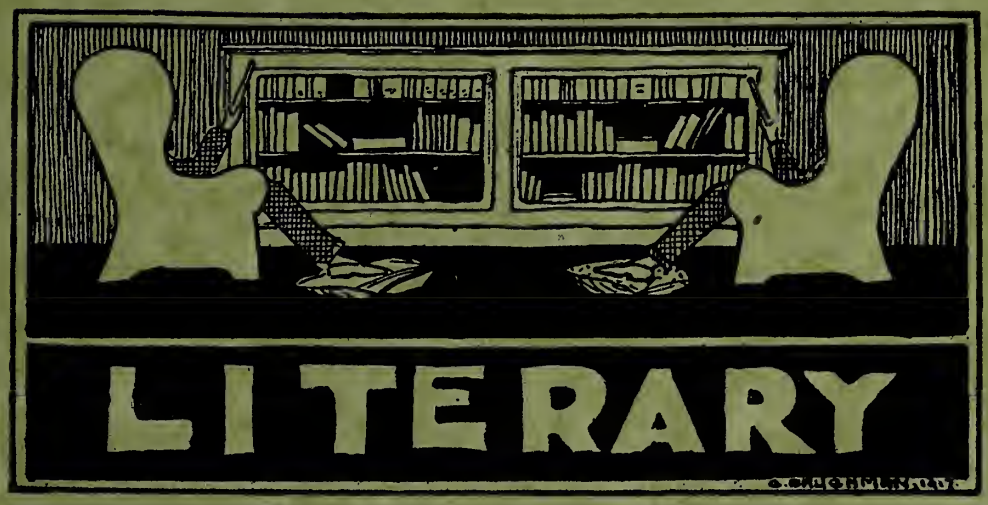
The Senior Play is not a success because it fills the house with people, and fills the Senior treasury with money. It is a success because it aronses and interests the school—even to the extent of making the students separate themselves from a few shekels.

Debating is not a success merely because one iron-lunged team can outorate an opponent. It is a success because it makes the pupils feel a real interest in their school, enough to make them want it to win.

And the Caldron is not a success simply because it is a better literary production than it has been, or because it waxes wealthy on the hard-squeezed coins of a reluctant student-body. It is a success because it brings each student to the realization that he is a part of the school—the real school hat does not consist of a stone building, routine lessons, and a belligerent faculty; but which is the spirit of good fellowship and common interest which binds the student-body together.

Of course, this is merely a beginning. Athletics should be much better; the Senior Play should draw a larger attendance; there should be more and better debating teams, and the Caldron should have many times its present size and circulation. The goal of success has not been reached; it is yet a long, long way in the future. But a start has been made, and the hardest is over. Next year, and the years after that should see a constant advancement. The Class of Nineteen Seventeen has helped to start the ball rolling, and now leaves the school forever. It can do no more. But the classes that remain, and those that are yet to come—to them falls the task of continuing in the good work which is started. And if each class adds its mite, the "many mickles will make a muckle," and in years to come we will have a bigger, better, grander Fort Wayne High!

See if You Can Recognize Your


LITERARY

ROBERT REESE

Once there was a little boy
  Whose name was Robert Reese,
And every Friday afternoon
  He had to speak a piece.

So many poems thus he learned
  That soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head,
  And still kept learning more.

Now this is what happened:
  He was called upon one week
And totally forgot the piece
  He was about to speak.

His brain he cudgeled,
  But not a word remained within his head,
And so he spoke at random,
  And this is what he said:

My beautiful, my beautiful,
  Who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner Hesperus,
  The breaking waves dashed high.

Why is the forum crowded?
  What means this stir in Rome?
Under a spreading chestnut tree
  There is no place like home.

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Cried "Twinkle, twinkle, little star,"
Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
  King Henry of Navarre.

If you're waking, call me early,
  To be or not to be,
Curfew must not ring tonight,
  Oh, woodman, spare that tree.

Charge, Chester, charge! On Stanley, on!
  And let who will be clever,
The boy stood on the burning deck,
  But I go on forever.

—Author Unknown.

THE CALDRON 1917

Doing Her Bit

(Ruth Helen Baum,—'20.)

"Why, Jacques! Why didn't you stay at Grandma's? Oh, you darling dog," cried Jeanne, throwing her arms around Jacques as he persisted in rubbing her leg with his nose.

"You don't mind me one bit," Jacques. Everytime I send you away you come right back home again."

"Jeanne, Oh, Jeanne," called someone, and into the room ran her big soldier brother.

"Jeanne," he cried, taking her on his lap, "would you like to help France? Oh, little sister, you want to, don't you?"

"Oh, can I help? How? Quick, brother; how?"

"In this way," he replied. "Major Vautaire has found out that Colonel Levy has a very important plan in his hands. He keeps it on his person. Would you be willing to go over there and bring the plan back to us, Jeanne?"

Jeanne's eyes shone. "Oh-Oh, I should love to do it; may I—really?"

"I am going to ask the Major now. If he says no, you can coax him. Come along, baby." And taking his little sunny-haired sister by the hand he hurried over to Major Vautaire's office, where it was arranged that two men, and Jacques, should guard Jeanne in such a way as to avoid the line of trenches. They were to go with her as far as they dared to the German lines, then leave her to wander into the village alone.

That evening Jeanne listened to her big brother's warnings.

"And if you are ever in trouble," he ended, "send Jacques back. He always comes back, no matter where he is—you have seen that. Good-by, girlie, and good luck."

* * *

Jeanne put her little hand over her mouth to hide a yawn.

"Aren't we almost there?" she asked of one of the men.

"Almost, Jeanne."

They walked another mile in silence. Jeanne began to lag.

"It's so dark. How far is it?"

"Have to leave you here, Jeanne," said one man. "See those lights? That's the village. You won't get lost. Somebody will find you. Goodby."

And without giving Jeanne time to answer they were gone.

She walked on a little, but soon grew so drowsy that she sat down on the ground and taking her coat off she rolled it up into a pillow and was soon fast asleep.

* * *

"Confound it! Say, what do you—why it's a child." And he picked Jeanne up and carried her into the Colonel's room.

"The Kaiser shall have his wish, my men," the Colonel was saying; "if it is in my power to fulfill it. Before we are through we shall be able to call the World ours." The Colonel looked very confident indeed as he sat in a chair made comfortable by pillows. Raising his glass of wine he was about to suggest a toast to the Kaiser when the man came in bearing Jeanne in his arms. The Colonel put his glass down and took the little girl in his arms. The officers crowded around him.

"What a beautiful child!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Where did you find her?"

"She is a little French maid, Sir," replied the man. "I found her about a half-mile from here. She was completely exhausted. Her dog will not leave her."

"French!" cried the Colonel in a scornful voice; then he added in a softer tone, "She's but a child!"

The child was just then debating whether she should open her eyes. She decided that since "that man" was in such a good humor it must be the right time.

Accordingly the blue eyes flashed open and the baby lips smiled at Colonel Levy. She sat up and looked around her.

"What a lovely room," she cried, clapping her chubby hands. She went on a tour of inspection around the room and finally returned to Colonel Levy's knee.

"It's just fine," she said, looking up into his face. "Even nicer than I thought it was. May I play here every day?" she asked, watching the Colonel closely

"She may be a spy," suggested some one. "We discuss our plans here, you know."

Colonel Levy laughed contemptuously.

"Spies wear yellow curls and short skirts, don't they?"

Jeanne tugged at his uniform. "May I?" She lifted pleading eyes. The Colonel nodded and smiled.

"I'm started," sighed the little girl as she glanced among the papers on the table.

The men were soon deep in their business and Jeanne was forgotten. She stayed close to the Colonel and found out just where he kept the plans.

To her surprise the precious paper was not a map covered with lines, marking trenches, or dots, meant for cities, but on the other hand was a regular piece of paper on which many sentences were written. Jeanne could not read them, but then she knew that her brother or Major Vautaire could.

The Colonel put the sealed paper in an inside pocket and talked merrily to Jeanne for the rest of the morning. At noon she lunched with the officers and in the evening she ate with them again. In the afternoon she played with Jacques. He was her confident; he knew all of her secrets.

A week passed in this pleasant way. Jeanne kept her eyes open for a chance to grab the plans and run, but the chance seemed a long time in coming.

"Oh, Jacques!" she cried. "I have an idea, and you will help me, won't you?"

She took a heavy chain from the table, fastened one end to the dog's collar, and commanding him to stay there, she walked toward the Colonel.

"Let's play ball. But take your coat off. It's too hot with it on." So saying, she took the coat and laid it on a bench.

When the Colonel was not looking she extricated the precious document and said to the Colonel, "I left my ball in my room. I'll get it." And she was off.

She tied the scroll to the loose end of the chain on Jacques' collar and twisted it in and out so that it was fastened securely.

She started the dog off in the right direction and whispered in his ear, "Run, Jacques." And Jacques ran.

A week later, as Jeanne sat in her room she heard a scratching at the door and when she flung it open, in jumped Jacques. He had a note pinned to his collar. It read: "Meet me at midnight. Received the plans. You are a good girl, Jeanne. Jacques will lead you to me."

The next morning there was great commotion. It was discovered that the plans were gone! Also Jeanne. And all the cursing and swearing in the Council room could not bring them back.

THE CALDRON 1917

Andrea

(Lorine Sehust,—'17.)

There was an unusual hush on the boat and the main deek was almost empty. Down on the lower deck where the steerage passengers gathered for a breath of the fresh salt air, a erowd of all elasses of passengers had gathered.

From the eenter of the group there rose a elear, sweet ehi!d's voiee singing in a foreign tongue. He was a little boy of ten or twelve years perhaps, with beautiful soft brown eyes and blaek eurly hair. His eyes shone like stars just now, partly beeause he was afraid of the group of well-dressed men and women, and partly beeause his whole soul was in his song. His own eountrymen smiled proudly, while the group of Amerieans applauded with murmurs of admiration and threw silver eoins into the shabby hat of the child's father.

The song ended and the boy drew baek shyly, pulling at a hole in his eoat where a button had onee been. The erowd seattered, and in a few minutes the little boy stood alone on the deek, looking out upon the rocky sea.

Evening eame and the stars dotted the sky one by one. On the upper deck the band was playing, mingled with the sounds of happy, care-free laughter and the soft shuffle of daneing feet. The little Italian boy looked up the steps. Up there it was a strange, new world in a strange, new tongue. He looked around him. His father sat with a group of his own people, diseussing exeitedly the new land to whieh they were eoming. No one was looking at the child then, so he slipped up the steps, past a sailor who stood watehing two of his mates danee, and found himself on the main deek.

Most of the passengers were daneing, or resting between danees. The boy saw a woman sitting alone in one of the deek ehairs, and walked up to her and peered euriously into her faee. It was very beautiful, he thought. Her eyes were elosed and she was breathing quietly as if she were asleep. He looked about him. The orehestra had struek up a waltz and now the deek was almost deserted. He touehed her hand. It was soft and white and had something on it that sparkled in the light from the windows. He rested his smooth brown eheek on her hand just to see how it would feel.

The woman stirred and opened her eyes. She sat up, startled, and would have sereamed had she not first seen the little ragged boy staring at her with wild, frightened eyes.

"Why—why, it's the little singer!" she eried, and took his hand. "What is your name, dear? Won't you sing for me again?"

Of course the boy did not understand this new language, this language whieh his father sometimes spoke, but he knew that the woman must be saying something very niee for she smiled a most eharming smile and patted his hand. He looked into her eyes and smiled shyly.

Just then they heard an uproar from the steerage. A sailor dashed up the steps, followed by an exeited Italian, the boy's father. The Italian saw the woman and ehild and pounced upon them.

"My Andrea—he run away! He so bad like—like little devil! Andrea!" The father was breathless and his bushy brows hung low over two evil

In a few minutes they eame trooping down the steps and Andrea's dark eyes

black eyes. He jerked the child away, but the woman protested.

"Please let him stay just a minute, please! We want to hear him sing; he has such a beautiful voice. Wont you?"

The Italian shook the boy. "He sing like bird—like one canara bird, oh, like nightingale! But," and the Italian shook his black head and whispered low into the woman's ear— "he littla devil—two littla devil! He sing tomorr'; not now. Tomorr' hold hat 'round like toda'. Andrea!" he concluded with a shout and dragged the unwilling boy away.

The woman was left alone again. A little smile played about her lips. She looked out upon the sea to a spot where the moon was just beginning to show its face. The sea was very quiet and the only sound that it gave of its presence was the gentle lapping of the waves on the ship's side. After a while the woman's husband joined her and they talked long and low, chiefly of the little boy.

"He was so appealing!" the woman was saying. "There was something about him that pulled at my very heart strings, and—and I believe he liked me a little. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we—now, Herbert, don't laugh at me—if we could take him and—and educate him?"

The man threw back his head and laughed good-naturedly. "You're too kind-hearted, Helen," he said, laughing, but a gleam of tenderness shone in his eyes. "It would be impossible. It is almost ridiculous! I'll admit the boy's voice ought to be trained. He could be a Caruso some day, perhaps. But the father, can't you see that he intends to make good use of that voice? He'll probably be singing on the streets. We'd have to fight, tooth, nail and pocketbook, to get hold of the child. And even then, Helen, we would be taking pretty long chances."

And down in the steerage, reeking with the odor of disinfectants, little Andrea slept and dreamed of the woman with the soft, white hands. He dreamed that he was sitting beside her and that she was telling him in a language that he understood of the wonderful new world toward which they were sailing.

He was rudely awakened by his father, who pulled him out of the hard bunk. He was used to this kind of treatment, for it was a part of his regular daily life. He went outside and breathed the cool, sweet early-morning air. He watched two deck-hands polishing the brass rails and scrubbing the woodwork. He heard low murmurs from the deck above him and wondered if the passengers would not soon be coming down to hear him sing. They had been coming for the last two days.

He was not disappointed. searched out the woman. He recognized her and smiled and his heart gave an extra thump of gladness.

The passengers demanded a song, and Andrea's voice rose high and sweet and thrilled the hearts of his listeners with the beauty of it. At first he trembled a little, but the nervousness of the first moment was forgotten, everything was forgotten when his soul went into the song and he sang to the blue, cloudless sky.

The boy's father skipped around the circle of listeners waving his hat about his head as he caught the coins tossed into it. When he came to the woman of the night before, she stopped him.

"After he has finished, may I take him upstairs with me? I could teach him a little English maybe. See, here is my husband." The woman's eyes pleaded, and her husband held out a substantial looking bill.

The Italian grinned. "My Andrea—he bada boy sometime. Andrea!" he cried.

The boy stopped singing and ran to his father. The man and woman took him by the hand and led him up the steps where there was a new world and

where they spoke a language which he could not understand.

And then followed golden days for Andrea. He tasted good things to eat, things which he had never dreamed of before. There was something sweet and cold and creamy that slipped down your throat and left your mouth cool and sweet. There were long, thin sticks of something sweet and hard which had different colored stripes, and when your eye tried to follow the stripes, they seemed to go back up the stick from the other side. And very slowly and with great difficulty he learned a little of the language of the new world.

Then there came a day when the woman scarcely noticed him but looked out upon a queer, rugged black line in the distance. Her eyes were filled with tears which rolled down her cheeks, one by one. Andrea looked at the other passengers. All eyes were turned toward the black line, which grew larger every minute. Nearly every eye was moist and when the Statue of Liberty came into sight a few sobs were heard.

Andrea tugged very gently at the woman's hand. She looked down and smiled through her tears.

"It is the new world, Andrea," she whispered. "It is America!"

Andrea's heart leaped. He understood the few simple words now, and he gazed eagerly and curiously out upon the irregular sky-line.

That evening the man and woman bade good-bye to Andrea and sped away in the waiting automobile. With a sinking heart the boy bore the rough embraces of his aunt and uncle with whom the two newcomers were to live. His eyes dropped with weariness and he leaned heavily on his uncle, who picked him up into his great arms and carried him to his new home.

* * *

It was one of those raw November days when the stinging wind numbs one's fingers and toes and sends sharp pains down between his shoulder-blades. A peddler of laces with a child by his side walked the streets in vain. People didn't buy laces on a day like this. He came upon a little group of stragglers huddled in the doorway of a building.

The peddler threw down his laces and swore at the child. The huddled group laughed and jeered at the man. "Why don't you make the brat sing? Mebbe you'd sell some of your rotten laces!"

The child crouched there shivering. His face and hands were purple, but inside of his body he was burning up. He looked fearfully at the peddler, who glared at him ominously.

"I'll show you, you young snake! I'll see if you'll fall down on me like that! Sing or I'll beat your brains out!"

The group of stragglers looked interested, and for a moment forgot the cold.

The boy opened his mouth. A hoarse cough was its only sound, and he tried to dodge the unmerciful blows that followed, but his weak knees gave way and he lay huddled on the sidewalk.

A limousine sped past them, went as far as the end of the block, turned and glided up and stopped before the little group on the sidewalk. A man jumped out, the group scattered quickly and the man was left alone with the little form on the sidewalk.

He bent tenderly over the child and drew back in surprise. "Why, it's little Andrea!" he cried, and carefully lifted him into the warm limousine.

On the way home he rubbed the half-frozen hands and called to the child, but the dark eyes remained closed. Sometimes he muttered strange things in his delirium and the man's face paled with anxiety.

A week later Andrea's eyes opened and his fever-cleared brain saw two anxious faces bent over him tenderly. At first he could not understand, but after a while he remembered and

stretched out his hands weakly to the two watchers.

He smiled happily and looked around the room. It was all like a dream. It was like the rooms he had heard other boys tell about. Then he looked at the woman.

"I can talk Engleesh now," he whispered! "Papa died—and—and Pete Clery took me and—made me sing. Do I have to go back?" He sighed. "Do you remember on the boat?"

The woman smiled. "I have never forgotten, Andrea. I always looked for you afterward, but never could find you. Will you stay with us now always?"

Andrea sighed again, quite happily. "It would be just like the story book in school. Will I learn to sing?"

"As soon as you are strong enough, Andrea. Now try to sleep a little." The woman tucked the covers up around his chin, and the man tried to help awkwardly. They watched him breathlessly. The eyelids fluttered and closed, but opened in a few seconds.

"Do you remember that cold slippery—slippery white—ice?" he murmured sleepily.

The man and woman laughed softly. "There is some ice-cream waiting for you downstairs. You shall have it after you have slept, Andrea."

This time Andrea's eyes closed tightly, and the two who loved him weren't sure, but they thought they heard a little snore.

An International Marriage

(Mary C. Wood.)

"Somebuddy's comin'," said the house boy, welcoming the sound of hoofs as a respite from his well-deserved scolding.

There was. Governor Howard walked to the window, wiped the frost and a six-month accumulation of grime from one of the little panes and peeped out, to see a girl in a red Tam o' Shanter and sweater take the gangling colt she was riding over a hedge and up an embankment. It was like her, he thought, to scorn the meanderings of the driveway, and go straight to her goal regardless of obstacles.

She came bounding into the room and flung her arms about him.

"Oh, Governor, it's gorgeous to see you again! We didn't dream that you were coming before Christmas, until Jodey came by this morning. Why didn't you come to our house? Father was—surprised."

"I did stop, but the house was closed and I thought perhaps you had gone to town."

"We? To town? Father wouldn't stir off the place for love or money. His temper is—viler than ever. But we have moved to the overseer's cottage. I thought you knew. It isn't such a sepulchre, and the roof doesn't leak in more than four places.

"Did you see me coming? I pretended that I was bringing the good news from Ghent to Aix, and I really have some perfectly wonderful news, about a battle, too. Aunt Jane Dutton has asked me to spend the season with her, in Washington, and be an honest-to-goodness debutante. I had a terrible time with Father, but it's all right now, I reckon. The first time he ever gave in. He is going to sell some land to pay my expenses, for, of course, I must have lots of nice dresses. Aunt

Jane said not to buy anything out here. She is going to take me to New York. It's the first nice thing that ever happened to me. I can scarcely wait until I get away from here."

As she chattered on, the Governor looked at her and wondered what effect society would have on her, and she on society. Abbie Kemble was unusual, and small wonder. Her mother had returned to the stage just one year after her marriage with Crawford Kemble, saying that he couldn't get on with himself and that she wouldn't be "hollered at." Crawford was far from heart-broken—he had been thoroughly disgusted with his bargain a week after the making of it. The only thing he regretted was that she had forgotten to take the baby with her. He closed the town house and retired to the old country place, where he lived the life of a recluse, and where Abbie grew up with the darkies. Her education had been most casual—a few terms at the country school and an occasional lesson from her father, which invariably ended in a quarrel. But she had gathered up a surprisingly large amount of information from the books in her grandfather's and Governor Howard's libraries.

But the Governor had observed that education was not all-important. Abbie, he was forced to admit, had the manners and polish of a young collie, a lovable, untrained, rough and tumbly pup. And she was not particularly pretty. Well, Jane Dutton could make her over, if anyone could, and Abbie was clever and anxious to learn the ways of society, and she could imitate anything. She got that from her mother, he thought. Of course, it might spoil her, but one must always take chances.

* * *

The Governor went to Europe on an important government mission and returned to find Abigail Kemble well-launched in society. It was at an embassy ball that he first saw her, and he could scarcely believe that the subdued young person standing beside Mrs. Dutton was the brilliant little hoyden of a few months before. Decidedly, the mill of the gods grinds exceedingly small. Abbie's face showed that she realized that the nice young men who asked her to dance and paid her compliments and dutifully returned her to her aunt did so either because it was their duty as under-secretaries or attaches, or because they wished to ingratiate themselves with Mrs. Dutton, social dictator, par excellance.

But the old sparkle and animation came back when he deserted his throng of admiring satellites and bowed before her. It stayed, when he begged her for dances and fumed because he could not take her to supper and completely ignored his worshipers. For Governor Howard was an old friend who was genuinely glad to see her.

Every place she went she heard Governor Howard discussed—his deeds, his polish, his wit, his wealth, and, in whispers, eligibility, and how this one or that had pursued him in past seasons. Then she realized that she was madly, everlastingly, in love with him. He was the man of her dreams, entirely perfect, and measuring up to her every ideal. Of course, he should never know, for such a man could not care for a girl of her antecedents, training and abilities. But she was thrilled whenever she heard his name mentioned; she only went to the places where there was a possibility of seeing him, and she rejoiced and blossomed in his presence, so much so that people began to observe that Abigail Kemble was really a pretty and interesting girl, and the nice young men were anxious to dance with her, now that she did not care for their attentions.

And the kind-hearted Governor, with never a suspicion, decided that he was helping her to popularity by mental suggestion, so he sent her flowers, paid

her extravagant compliments and introduced all the men he could. Of course, he enjoyed his part of it immensely; Abbie's quaint worldly-wiseness and enthusiasms and comments on things in general were quite worth the price of admission.

Toward the end of the season, someone gave a house party in Alexandria, and Abbie was overjoyed when she found that the Governor was there. She was more than usually radiant, and the other girls were sufficiently dull to allow her to dominate the party. All the men were fascinated, and an attache from the Italian legation fell madly in love with her.

The whole affair seemed to be stage-managed for Abbie's especial benefit. In the morning they rode, and she always looked her best on a horse. She made her mount go through all sorts of manoeuvers and led a long cross-country chase with all the grace that comes from absolute fearlessness and much practice. In the afternoon, they played billiards, something that few women do well, but that she had practiced from the time when she had to stand on a chair to reach the table. Then she sang coon songs and played on a banjo, an art that she had learned from the darkies on her father's place, in a way that was bewitching.

Abbie looked very fresh and lovely at the big Alexandria Assembly ball, that evening. Most of the gentlemen present, following the leadership of those who were guests at Mount Airy, flocked about her, clamoring for her programme. But the Governor did not ask for a single dance, did not so much as come near her. He had decided that she was perfectly capable of managing her own affairs, now that she had a good start, and he felt that the pace was telling on him. Abbie felt a bit hurt, for, on other occasions, he had been most insistent, and he was the only man in the room with whom she really cared to dance. So when she spied him, standing in the doorway, she pounced on him. Abbie was always direct.

"Governor, what is the matter? You have avoided me all day, and you haven't asked for a single dance. But I've saved one for you—see, the fifteenth."

"Thank you very much, Miss Abigail," he said in the formal way he had.

"Well, if you want it why didn't you ask for it?"

"Because I have been monopolizing you too much, and the young fellows insist on my giving them a chance. I perceive that I am an old codger, Abbie, and that I haven't any chance. Now run on and make Mr. Smylie happy. I'll count the minutes until time for the fifteenth and I'll bribe the orchestra to make it extra long."

Foxtrotting under Mr. Smylie's guidance, Abbie heard not one word of that gentleman's witty and flattering remarks. She was repeating to herself what the Governor had said, over and over again. And because he had a way of saying trite things sincerely, she decided that he really thought that he had no chance, that he was too old, and, back of it all, that he loved her. But how could she let him know that he had all the chance there was, that, to her, he was the only man in the world? Characteristically, she chose the most direct way, to tell him herself,and she moved about in a haze, planning her speech.

Almost before the fourteenth was ended, the Governor bore her off to the conservatory, and in a nice secluded corner, Abbie plunged in.

"Governor, I suppose Aunt Jane would have fifty-seven varieties of fits if she knew what I am going to say to you. But I never knew that there was such a thing as convention until a few months ago.

THE 1917 CALDRON

The Ways of Youth

(Rose Pelzweig,—'18.)

Polly Ann was a rhapsodist—a rhapsodist being one whom Webster's Unabridged classifies as writing or speaking disconnectedly, with extreme emotionalism; but Polly Ann, instead of profaning her deep and cherished sentiments by discussions, either aloud, or in black and white, used the more satisfactory way of expressing her ideas—through the medium of dreams and imagination, by which process, none of the extreme emotionalism was lost. Of course, it was a pity that these spells occurred mostly when there was work to be done, but even so, they should have been respected and undisturbed, as to her, the furor poeticus amounted to almost ecstatic rapture. It is as natural for sixteen to be in that state of mind, as it is to go through the other eruptive maladies incident to childhood and youth; and, as is also the case with sixteen when it experiences such feelings—such a "rapt and divine melancholy,"—Polly Ann believed that none but she had ever been possessed of such delicate perceptions and subtle appreciations of the beautiful, and such an understanding of the infinite in its rarer phases. In fact, she thought that life in its remotest aspects and mysteries was revealed to her, and to her alone; and so, powerless under the potent spell of the knowledge, she acquired the habit of falling into the deepest stages of reverie and retrospect. For Polly Ann was instinctively imbued with dreams which embodied only light, color and phantasy, but her noble and elevating inspirations were dampened by the matter-of-fact attitude of her disillusioned mother, to whom poetry in all forms, sizes and descriptions, was merely to be tolerated as a necessity in a school curriculum. Life—the real and sordid Life—not the opalescent rainbow of Polly Ann's visualization, had treated Mrs. Carrington badly, and small wonder then, that her daughter's day-dreaming annoyed her, especially when there were the dishes to be washed, or the younger scions of the family to be attended. But Polly Ann's head remained in the clouds, and her wistful blue eyes, above her small, tilted nose, had an expression in their depths, of aloofness and secrecy common to the species (genus) which not only irritated her busy mother, thus causing more than one verbal somersault, and moved her unfeeling and ignorant brethren to sundry scoffs and jibes, but was also an incentive towards the feeling of rebellion surging in the person of Billy Channing. Here it may be stated that Billy was seventeen, with the average boy's fair amount of good looks, a pair of serious brown eyes, a hopelessly unromantic disposition, and an even more hopelessly faithful affection for Polly Ann, which that young lady, in the cool manner of her sex, disdainfully and yet pityingly noticed, while, in the meantime, waiting for the glorious Sir Galahad of her dreams. And so the cycle of her days rushed by on fleet-footed, silver-tinted wings, while she tried to find all the outlet possible, for her romantic nature and temperament in the little country town in which she lived.

And then came Spring—that much sung-of and greatly heralded season, when a young man's fancy turns unto thoughts of love, and a young girl's unto visions of Spring bonnets. One day, while walking down the main, and only, street, Polly Ann was attracted by a hat displayed in Madame Henriet-

ta's Bon Ton Shop, where the le beau monde of Rushville Junction bought their elite headgear. And such a hat! Such a sartorial triumph, a fac simile of Poiret's latest creation—so chic, so simple, and yet so stunning! Le Mon Dieu!

It grew to be an obsession with her, merely to look at it, day by day—to admire the style of it—the beauty, the finish. Could mortal be that had sufficient ill power to withstand the temptation of that exquisitely curved brim, or the fascination of that delicate shade of brown satin? Lived there a woman with soul so dead, that she did not stop to wonder at the ravishing model—to fill her soul with rapture at the lure of that Bird of Paradise feather, or to revel with a poet's delight at the delicate mingling of subdued colors in the bizarrly plaided band?

With mind aflame at the beauty and harmony of it all, she pleaded for days, for the possession of the masterpiece, but her mother, with all the prosaic obstinacy and obdurate unreasonableness that characterize the grown-up, quelled her passionate desires by purchasing a nondescript leghorn decorated with a variety of flowers and vegetables, much more suitable, to her more practical taste, in every respect, for Polly Ann.

Overcome by the disappointment, her soul seething with mortifying chagrin, and quivering and cringing under the painful lash on her sensitive spirit, she rushed to her room, and, throwing herself impetuously on her bed, gave vent to the suppressed emotions which were stifling her with their intensity. Over and over, she bewailed her bitter plight, her shattered wishes and unfounded hopes, muttering to herself, the inevitable plea of misunderstood youth.

"Oh, I wish I were dead! Why was I born, anyway?"

A previously subdued inclination arose in her mind. She would show them all what she thought of them; she would make them sorry for their former actions; she would make them realize the poignant suffering she had been forced to undergo in the past, through their inability to cope with her finer nature; she would put an end to all her earthly torment, and be spared the cruel pains and troubles of the heartless world; she would———

"Oh, Polly Ann—wanna go to the movies? They got a new fillum there—'Whomsoever You Trust.' C'mon—it's gonner be good!"

Polly Ann stopped her contemplation in wordless indignation. Trust—trust? As she hurled an emphatic "No!" at her younger brother, who was waiting behind the locked door for the verdict, she permitted herself a short sarcastic laugh at the irony of it all. Trust? Why—she would never in her life trust anyone else again; she had lost too much of her tolerance towards human frailty. Lost in thought, once more, red-eyed, heartbroken and miserable, she looked, unseeingly, into space and indulged into a vindictive semi-analysis of her fate.

To lose one's entire faith in mankind—a bitter misanthropic cry, indeed, for a sixteen-year-old: to have one's entire belief seared and destroyed, to have one's sweetest illusions of life scattered and shriveled, to taste the dregs of Youth's bitter cup of Experience, to realize the bittersweet of having and then losing, to perceive the futility of remonstrance and the entire uselessness of protest—a pitiful state of affairs, forsooth; truly, hard to be compelled at that age to understand the inconsiderate, unyielding hand of Fate; to feel the unsympathetic and selfish drift of the tide; to comprehend the inconceivable, and conceive the incomprehensible.

Yes—taken as a whole, the outlook of her future was inexpressibly dreary and uninviting. Nevertheless, she resolved that never would she let anyone's actions influence her again—she

would live the life of a recluse—spend all her days in penitent misery and atonement, and in considering human weaknesses, or,—horrid t h o u g h t—match crazyquilts, or knit socks for the soldiers—never to have good times (sob), never to laugh or enjoy life as she had been wont to do in her formerly carefree existence (sob), never to——

"Oh, Polly Ann"—this time it was her mother—"someone wants you on the 'phone—hurry down!"

With a despondent movement, tempered by a martyr's stoical conviction, she went down stairs slowly—step by step—as though life was from now on a serious question, not an abstract come - and - go - as-you-like proposition, but a great, overmhelming certainty. Life was real. Life was earnest. Life was serious.

In a tone of monotonous endurance, she answered the telephone with a short "Hello."

And, in reply to her listless response, came an incoherent avalanche of phrases, which tumbled out, one on top of the other, in the effort to emphasize:

"Oh, Polly Ann, come to our house quick—guess who's here—J. Forsythe Buckley—he's taking a vacation, and he's going to board and paint—if you want to see him hurry—he's just wonderful—a lot better looking than we thought—oh, hurry, hurry—he's so handsome, and I'm so excited. Just grab anything and come quick—he's here,. and so's ice cream and cake! Hurry! G'by!"

Polly Ann put down the receiver and stood for a second as though numb. J. Forsythe Buckley—here? The renowned artist whose pictures in the weeklies had been an unfailing source of delight and speculation to them both—in Rushville Junction? With a sudden rush of comprehension, Polly Ann gave one electrifying shriek, and raced up the stairs, three at a time, in her hurry to dress—totally unconscious of the stern reality of Life, or any other such dismal theory, with but one thought illuminating her whole existence. J. Forsythe Buckley **here**, and she would see him! O Tempora! O Mores!

In less time than one would think possible she was running to the home of her best friend and confidante-in-chief, in a frenzy of joy and anticipation. She was met at the door by Sally Jones, the afore-mentioned best friend and confidante-in-chief, who, with the solemn air of a Grand High Potentate of something or other initiating a newcomer into the mystic shrines of Elysium, led her into the crowded sitting-room, where, among a number of well-meaning and perspiring country women, surrounded by ice-cream and varieties of cakes and with a fashionable expression of ennui depicted upon his handsome face, stood their demigod, their idol—J. Forsythe Buckley. Polly Ann drew in her breath sharply, as, unobserved, she gazed at the artist—the reckless leader of his gay Bohemian circle, the lion of the season, in the foremost society of the city of wonderful men, the envied, the heralded, the great—the Lord Chesterfield among the men, the darling of the women.

Mrs. Jones, chancing to observe Polly Ann in the corner, and sympathizing with the child's love of romance and glamor, motioned to her to come to her side. And, with an explanatory expression or two, as was befitting a hostess at such a momentous occasion, presented her to the guest (**not** boarder). Polly Ann looked up, disconcerted and timid. as though expecting the sight of the radiant Apollo to blind her vision. She gave one glance, and then lowered her eyes in rapt confusion, after murmuring some totally inadequate phrase. More she could not do. For Nature, not content in bestowing merely talent and fame, had endowed her favorite with a pair of devastating brown eyes, black-lashed and deep of hue, a perfect-

ly shaped nose and head, full-blooded, chiseled lips displaying fine teeth, and a slight golden crinkle through his chestnut hair. Even more sophisticated people than Polly Ann were not unsusceptible to the frankly bewitching smile, the courteous manner and the brilliant, if somewhat condescending, conversation. Not impervious to these charming qualities, she withdrew as hypnotized, with the spell of his presence upon her, and his memory pervading and transporting her soul to regions sublime. **Such** is attraction!

In the doorway Sally stopped her, and, in a devoutly subdued tone, said:

"Isn't he wonderful, Polly Ann?"

"Wonderful?" echoed Polly Ann, "wonderful? Why, Sally, he—he's—he's heavenly!"

And, without stopping to exchange further comments, she walked home as in a haze to dream of the wonder which had entered her life.

* * *

To Billy's plea to go to the moving picture show that night, she lent a deaf ear. To descend from imaginary promenades through ethereal regions with J. For———with someone, to walking along a dusty road with Billy Channing? To relinquish ambrosia and nectar to ice-cold-pop-here,-five-cents-a-nickel? To discontinue conceiving unplausible visions of bliss, to watch the insane antics of a few idiots going through the same actions of killing or marrying each other on the screen? Some other time, perhaps, but not **now!**

* * *

The next afternoon as she was returning home from the grocery with some provisions for supper (dinner still being the midday meal), she chose a deserted path through the woods. Half way home she stopped short, for, there, not ten yards away, on a small camp stool before an impromptu easel, painting with rapidly skilful strokes, sat the one about whom she had dreamt since the preceding day. Polly Ann stood and surveyed him a while, without speaking. His profile, which would have driven stronger men to pose for collar advertisements, was turned towards her, and, intent upon his work, he was oblivious to all else. But, after a few minutes, as he relaxed from his strained position and turned his head to one side, he happened to observe her, and, jumping up quickly, said, with a flashing smile:

"How long have you been standing there? I didn't hear anyone coming."

Polly Ann, taken by surprise, blushed and stammered:

"I—not very long—that is, I—I—I was coming home, and so just stopped, that is—I didn't notice, I—I———"

"How fortunate," he replied, a little amused at her evident embarrassment. "Won't you sit down and talk, Miss—Miss———?"

"Polly Ann," supplied that young person breathlessly. Would she? **would** she! "I—I guess so, b—but I have to take these things home first."

"Oh," he answered, reassuringly, "there's plenty of time for that."

So saying he offered her his seat and sitting down himself on a near-by stump, began to sketch abstractedly, while Polly Ann looked on in undisguised awe and astonishment.

"Is it very hard to paint?" she finally asked.

Laughingly, he answered in a somewhat patronizing tone, "well—I really can't tell you; it seems to come quite naturally."

"I suppose so," she replied, sighing. "It must be wonderful to be great."

"Well," he answered, indulgently, "art has its remunerations more or less. But come, now, entre nous, haven't you some hidden ability—or even some secret ambition or desire?"

"I," said Polly Ann, "why, why,—all I do is think—and that isn't very much—I can't do anything worth while."

"What do you think about mostly?" he encouraged, seeing the prospect of an hour's amusement before him.

"Why — I generally think about things—you know—big things, Life as a whole. Life is awfully queer, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is considered so by most people," he agreed, a trifle ironically. "But what are **your** conceptions of Life? What do **you** think about Life?"

"What do I think about Life?" she echoed, her habitual timidity overcome by his sympathetic attitude. "Why," she continued, more seriously, "Life seems so big to me, I can hardly understand it at all. But then, there are times when it seems perfectly clear, and yet, at other times, a lump comes in my throat 'cause it's so strange. You don't think it's foolish for me to feel that way, do you?"

He shook his head in comprehensive denial. Very well, did J. Forsythe Buckley know the art of speaking by silence.

"Why," she continued passionately, "everybody laughs at me. Mama thinks me silly, the girls think me funny, and the boys, well they———"

"And the boys," he prompted gently.

"Well, they think me odd and strange. But I don't care. They are only young and foolish. They don't realize what Life means yet. You know, I think it's awful to be a girl—one can't help but think of the queerest sort of things. Now—when I read the 'Idylls of the King,' for instance, I sit and dream, and dream, and dream, and then———"

"And then———?"

"And then I just keep on dreaming, I suppose."

"Do you read much?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, just heaps. I get them all from the library, you know. I just love poetry, don't you? It—it—seems so different."

"Yes," he admitted, "it does."

"Why, when I read poetry, I just want to fly—to leave everything—to go away—to go—there, that's it." Polly broke off abruptly and pointed to the canvass on which he had painted a peaceful landscape, abounding in harmonious tints, that seemed, somehow, to blend with the brilliant sunset. "Everything here is so quiet, so unexciting, so monotonous, so much the same. Oh, I wish I could go far away, and see the world, and people worth seeing!"

"That, I suppose, is the general attitude of young people, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know—there's Sally Jones, for one—she's my best friend—she don't think of such things. All Sally cares for is good times and—and—silly stuff like that, even though there are so many important things in this world to think about. I guess she don't think much about her future; she thinks only of unnecessary and silly things like—well, for instance, love."

"Love," he echoed, "don't you believe in love?"

"Oh, yes, in a certain way. Do you know, I feel as if Love—really true Love—the kind you read of in books—is a—something that's as beautiful—as beautiful—as—well, as the skies above—only it's about as far away."

"Well, well!" he ejaculated, "you seem to have it summarized pretty well, haven't you? The whole philosophy of what is called Love summed up in a nutshell."

"Yes." she replied naively, "that is the way I think about it. Do you know, I couldn't think of talking like this to anyone else. They wouldn't understand me; and that is why I have to think all my thoughts instead. In lot of the books I read, they talk of Life, and its great responsibilities and duties. I really don't see how anyone, after they've read such things, can think of just commonplace things. Why, I, myself—Oh, dear! there's the six o'clock bells, and I've got to take these groceries home in time for sup-

per. Well, I guess I've got to go," she added reluctantly, and with a returning tinge of bashfulness. "I've had an awfully good time, and I hope you didn't mind."

"Mind? Why, my dear child, I enjoyed it more than you think. If you feel like talking to anybody, just come to the woods, here, in the same place. I'll be here four more days, and you can unburden your soul as much as you wish."

"Really? Oh, it's so good of you—well, I must go. Good-bye." She offered him a tiny brown hand, according to the way it was done in the books, and, with a half-wistful, half-appealing look, turned, and ran home.

J. Forsythe Buckley, with a satirical smile playing on his lips, stood still for a moment, and then burst out laughing.

"Of all the idiotic things one hears about now and then, and sometimes oftener, this is the best. And so nobody understands her. Sad, indeed, but funny." With that, he started to paint again, whistling retrospectively.

Polly Ann, however, went home in a joyous exaltation of spirit which even the dishwater could not dampen. And then, shutting out the world in general and Billy, who wanted to take her to an ice cream social, in particular, she somewhat satiated the craving of her soul by reading and re-reading the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet."

The next afternoon, and the next and the next, she went to their first meeting place, where, with her soul and speech untrammeled, she imparted to him the lofty ideas which, previous to this time, she had kept to herself. In the delirium of her courage, during these delightful tete-a-tetes, she confided to him all her hopes and plans—her innermost longings and aspirations. And he, with the cynical affability of the worldly-wise, agreed with, and inspired, her. He quoted the poets, and cited the bards; his words, of ephemeral brightness, like the sparkling of diamonds, gave forth neither warmth nor light, but she, carried away by the magnetism of his personality, did not perceive the irony underlying all his remarks, and was insensible to the half-apparent condescension of his manner.

During these four days, she lived as though in a trance, entirely unaware of all external influences. No Elaine ever anticipated the hour of her Launcelot's arrival more impatiently than Polly Ann looked forward to the time when she could converse with her idol. But, on the fifth and last day of his stay in the village, as she came to their rendezvous, she saw that he was gone. Disappointed and stunned at the indifference, she sat down on the nearest log, and, dry-eyed, surveyed the situation. As she looked over the familiar surroundings, she noticed a piece of paper lying on the spot where the easel had stood. Mechanically, she picked it up, and started to read.

"My Darling Evelyn:

"Only two more days, and I shall be back in New York, ready to plunge into the ever-ready social whirl again. It has been very hard for me, engaged only three months, to be compelled to leave you, but, as we all know, the call of duty is inexorable.

"I must confess that I have been inexpressibly bored, as even the "rugged beauty of simplicity" does not greatly interest one to whom the mad excitement and dissipation of the city is the only stimulant. The one thing that made life bearable these few days, and relieved the endless monotony of the nerve-racking calm was a pretty little sixteen-year-old hero-worshiper I met. She it not one of your rustic beauties—far from it—but, on the whole, is a charming child although somewhat tragically inclined. Every afternoon she has been talking to me, confiding her cherished ideals and sentiments—laying bare the starved passions and lofty inspirations of which she feels

herself capable. Of course, I encouraged her. She enjoyed it, and I was both entertained and relieved. I wish you could see her—lifting her dreamy blue eyes in contemplative abstraction, and discussing love, life and the other essentials of humanity. Amusing, no doubt, but, in a way, pitiful, to see the child living and dreaming in a Fools' Paradise. How soon we more blase people forget our childish illusions and credulity, and look, with cynical mistrust at Youth's unsophistication. But then—like all the rest of us, I suppose she will soon get over her childish trust and foolish fancies, and realize the real phases of Life. It is only a youthful idiosyncrasy—only the ways of youth—but then———"

Polly broke off, unable to read further, as the stern reality presented itself. He was engaged; he had endured her because it had amused him; she was only a foolish child; she lived in a Fools' Paradise; it was only the ways of youth—oh, she could bear it no longer! Despondency, regret, annihilation, and existence all struggled for supremacy, and then, as by some physical force, a veil was snatched from her eyes, and she saw herself as **he** had seen her—a dreamy, sentimental child—an ignorant and infatuated girl—a deluded little fool. A sudden rush of shame overcame her; she buried her face in her hands to hide the blush that was stinging her with remorse. Why, oh, why, did she make herself such a perfect idiot? Why had nobody spared her the humiliation and———

"Why, Polly Ann, what's the matter? Are you crying? Well—I'll be jiggered. You're laughing and crying at the same time. What's the idea?"

"Oh, Billy, I'm **so** glad to see you," said Polly Ann with absolute sincerity, her eyes shining with a newly discovered conviction. I haven't seen you for so long."

"Of course, you haven't—I tried to see you all last week, and you always had some excuse ready. Why the sudden change?"

"Only the ways of youth, Billy," murmured Polly Ann reminiscently, "only the ways of youth."

"Cutey"—a Stone Age Romance

(Ivan R. Welty,—'17.)

She had smiled at him! Now all was well. He was at last certain that she was willing, and now that very night—ah! He would borrow his father's dinosaur. Cutey was the swiftest and largest beast in the village. Although her father would be glad to get rid of her, and she was willing; still one must be in good form. He would carry his brother's stone axe, a poor thing for a fight, but large and beautiful. And Hard Axe, her father, was a pretty old codger anyway. His own leopard skin would complete the costume. Oh, but he was lucky! His brother had carried off Green Witch when she was unwilling, and she still made life hot and miserable for him. But he, with as fine a steed as one could desire, a good skin, an elegant axe, and she willing! Tonight Bright Eyes should be his own!

Young Stonehead wandered joyfully about his father's farm. Soon he came to the pasture of his father's great pet. He clambered up the twelve feet reaching between the beast's back and the ground, and there sat down to lay his plans for the night. Reclining in all comfort, he allowed his thoughts to wander freely. Soon his eyes became dreamy and once more there came to his mind a vision of a pair of shining eyes and smiling lips.

That night a great, lumbering figure crept over the hill and down to the home of Hard Axe. After dragging its great length of seventy-eight feet into the yard, the beast stopped and Stonehead, dressed in his best, leaped to the ground. He hastened into the dwelling and soon returned with the happy Bright Eyes in his strong arms. He hastened over to the faithful steed but stopped in surprise.

Cutey, tired and sleepy, forgot his careful bringing up, and in attempting to gain a short nap accidentaly reclined upon the barn of the maiden's father. A heavy crash followed, waking the whole family. Stonehead hastened on with his bride and urged the weary beast up and onward. As old Hard Axe rushed out and observed the fleeing pair the breeze brought to him a faint word: "This is so sudden, dear," his daughter was gently murmuring.

"Blazez!" snorted the irate father. "My barn! Hang it—and I built it last year. I don't object to the affair, but they might have been more careful. Still, I thought I never would get rid of her. And she's willing; that affair of Bluefear can't occur again. He was fool enough to let my daughter, Minx, escape and she came back and caused me no end of trouble. But, darn it! That doesn't fix my barn. Look at the wreck! I'll sue him in court. Hang him!"

Of course, the pair got away—trust Cutey for that. But the following day the excellent lawyer, Jabberfest, brought suit against the young man's father. He, to prove his lack of responsibility, as owner of the beast, saw to it that his dutiful son was produced. The father was instantly released and soon the ponderous wheels of justice were operating against the unlucky Stonehead. The lawyer of Hard Axe made a terrible case against the poor youth.

"Your Honor," he began, "my client the well-known Hard Axe, wishes to charge the defendant with two serious crimes. First, the destruction of one barn, and along with it the lives of sixteen chickens and two pigs; and second, the abduction and kidnapping of his beloved daughter, Bright—"

"Your Honor, I object," hastily interrupted the aged man. "It's only the barn that matters. I don't care two cents—"

"Shut up, you fool!" shouted the lawyer. "I'm running this case. To continue, your honor, we have here two witnesses who saw the defendant approach the domicile of my wronged client. We have also my client himself, who saw the beast on the barn, with the defendant attempting to urge it off. To prove that there was such a barn, we have brought pieces of it here, along with two of the dead chickens and one of the pigs. We have three witnesses who have investigated the barn and they claim that the appearance of the same bears out our case. Finally, we have the dinosaur itself without, to prove that there was such a beast.

"It is unnecessary to continue; we have concrete exhibitions to prove the existence of every participant, and witnesses to show the relations. In view of our overwhelming evidence it only remains for the court to punish the wrongdoer, restore to the father his beloved daughter, and demand reparation for the damaged property."

"Defendant," sternly said the judge, "what answer do you make to these charges, before I pass sentence?"

Stonehead in despair looked over to Bright Eyes. She, weeping, did not even see him. The wretched youth mutely shook his head and remained silent. The judge stared savagely at the despondent youth, then cleared his throat.

"As you have nothing to say," he thundered, "you confess your guilt. I have had enough of these cases. The destruction of property alone is enough. Last week we killed a wretch for setting fire to a dwelling. And now you add to that one miserable crime the heinous—"

"Your honor! Your honor!" shouted an excited man in the doorway. "The beast is eating a hole in the roof!"

All looked up to the roof. There, through a hole in the thatch, the huge head and graceful neck of Cutey extended. The faithful animal peered into the dwelling in mild surprise and in curiosity began to look about, when it received a rude shock. The angry judge picked up the "Laws on Property Rights," slab No. 2, and hurled it at the head of the unoffending beast. The heavy stone struck true, and Cutey, drawing back his neck in pained surprise, caught his head in the hole of his own making. With a snort of pain the poor creature lifted up the entire roof with his neck and fled down the street of the village.

Devastation reigned in the poor town. The frantic beast overturned several houses and incidentally aroused the entire animal life of the district. A terrible panic ensued. Men hurried wildly about, some attempting to find safety, others trying to control their excited animals. Out of the dust and ruin men and beasts dragged themselves to safety. One miserable dinosaur clambered up a mountain peak dragging with him the house to which he had been fastened. Cutey, freed from the roof in the mix-up, escaped from the town and fled to a river where he attempted to hide in the water.

Within but a few minutes the town which had been peacefully carrying on its business, had been devastated by a terrible disaster and now was again settling down to quiet.

In a short time the yellow dust disappeared. The excited townsmen hurried back to their properties and investigated their losses. Here and there houses were crushed or overturned. The streets were torn up by the rush of the frenzied animals. One of the great beasts had made an attempt to imitate an ostrich, and as a result it thrashed about with its head stuck in a well. The entire town showed the

results of a panic among the dinosaurs.

Soon the men gathered into a crowd and voiced their grievances. At first the beast Cutey was cared for. He himself, his ancestors, descendants, companions and every inch of his body were threatened, condemned and sworn at. But soon the feeling changed to his owners. One of the crowd perceived the recent defendant conversing with his also recent bride. There was a delighted shout, followed by a low snarl as the body of warriors gained momentum.

Stonehead had a start of perhaps a quarter of a mile. His companion was by no means slow and together they sped towards a cliff along the river, a mile or so distant. They easily won the race and then began a climb up a narrow path. Half way up they left the path and scaled the cliff vertically to a small ledge. Here they awaited the townspeople.

The angry crowd soon reached the base of the path and stopped for a moment to gain breath. Then with an angry murmur the most powerful of the lot started the steep climb. Soon they left the path and repeated the scaling feat of the luckless pair.

The young hero was without weapons, but on the ledge was found a heavy stone. He waited patiently until his foes had toiled up to within a few feet, then hurled his weapon upon the leader's head. The injured man tumbled headlong and rolled down the steep wall into the river. The line of men hesitated a moment, then again advanced.

Now helpless, Stonehead crept to the back of the ledge and awaited the oncoming men. Soon a head appeared above the ledge, quickly followed by arms and shoulders. The young man did nothing until his enemy was clambering up upon the ledge. Then, with a quick leap he grabbed his opponent by the shoulders and hurled him off backward. But in going over, the falling man grasped a foot and both men slipped over the edge. The younger man was able to catch the cliff and both hung in this perilous position for a moment. Then a well directed kick separated the two, and Stonehead again was in possession of the ledge.

Looking down upon the line of men he saw them scattered and broken. The one man in falling had carried several others with him, and the remainder were now retreating. But a party of a dozen or so left the crowd and started on a long circuit about the high wall of stone. The rest, in high glee, sat down and waited.

Soon a stone hurtled thru space before the two in the cranny, followed by others in greater numbers. In a short time the pair realized their situation. A party had clambered above them and was now attacking from above! Several heavy rocks struck within a few feet. Escape from them would soon be impossible. Both, acting from a common thought, looked to the river beneath. A fall into the water would be a fall into the crowd beneath, but better far to have it over with than remain where they were.

From below the eager crowd saw the pair stand upon the edge. Several men leaped into the water in anticipation of their fall. They had but a short time to wait, for the two leaped out into space, and clearly outlined in the sky, fell thru space into the deep river. But a great figure rose out of the water where they fell.

Cutey, hiding in the river after his rampage, was aroused by a splash at his side. Stonehead, coming out of the water, recognized his faithful steed, and grasping Bright Eyes in his arms, clambered upon its back. He quickly urged the beast upon the opposite bank and was away. The crowd saw them last entering the safety of a great forest, the couple, hunched upon Cutey's broad back, tightly locked in each other's arms.

SENIOR

The Senior Directory

Class Officers

William S. Morris - - - President
Joseph P. Grable - - - Vice-President
Harold D. C. Kinney - - Secretary-Treasurer

Class Colors—Black and Orange

Class Yell

Ka Zim, Ka Zam, Ka Flippity Reen,
Silence, Gang-way—Seventeen
We're full of life; we're full of pep;
Rah, Rah, Rah, Cascaret.
Fight-a, kick-a, chew-a-bit;
Sleep-a, snor-a, rare-a-bit,
We're big and small; we're fat and lean,
Take off your hat to seventeen.

Faculty Advisers

Mr. Louis C. Ward Miss Eva Wingert

Social Council

Marie Keller Harry Kendrick Gladys Hadley

The Class Caldron Officials

Carl W. Rothert - - Editor-in-Chief
Isadore Field - - - Business Manager

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SENIOR CLASS OF 1917
CLASS OFFICERS
JOSEPH GRABLE
VICE-PRESIDENT
WILLIAM MORRIS
PRESIDENT
HAROLD KINNEY
SECRETARY-TREASURER
CLASS
FACULTY ADVISORS
MR LOUIS WARD
MISS EVA WINGERT
SOCIAL COUNCIL
MARIE KELLER
HARRY KENDRICK
GLADYS HADLEY

Evelyn Pauline Arick.

"A light heart lives long."

Roland Apfelbaum. **"Appy."**

Track Team, Junior Year; Major in Cadet Corps; Senior Play Committee; Commencement Committee; Pi Gamma; Caldron Vaudeville; Class Bowling teams, '15, '16, '17.

"Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink."

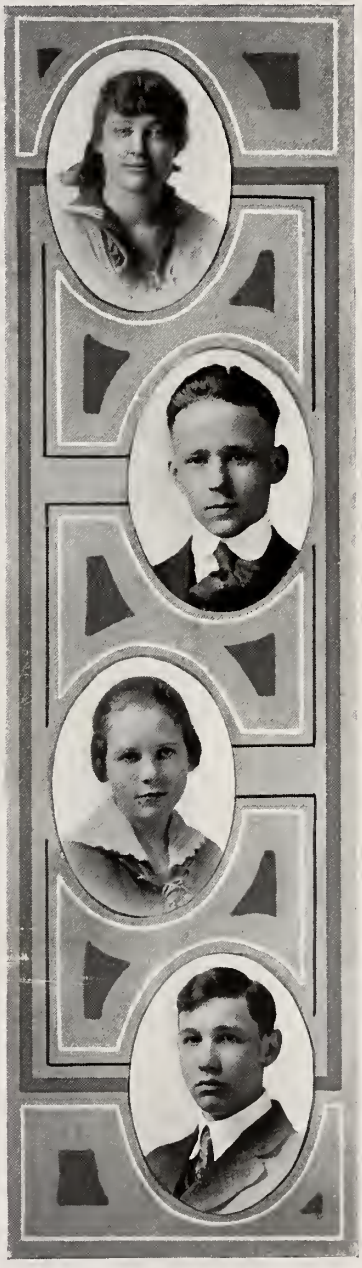
Grace Helen Banks.

"She moves a goddess, she looks a queen."

Paul Gustav Bachelor. **"Batch."**

Caldron Staff, Senior and Freshman Years; Senior Play and Chairman of Senior Play Committee; Caldron Vaudeville.

"Tut—I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion."



Marguerite Dorothea Boan.

Sorosis Society; Mathematics Club.

"Let them call it mischief;
When it is passed and prospered,
'twill be virtue."

Floyd Cummings Baldwin. **"Baldy."**

Track Team, Junior Year.

"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"

Hilda Johanette Boerger. **"Hild."**

Mathematics Club.

"Delicacy in woman is strength."

Van Alstine Barnett. **"Van."**

Caldron Staff, Senior Year; Varsity Baseball and Basket Ball Teams; Class Baseball, Basketball, Football and Bowling Teams.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gold for a' that."

Aurelia Frances Bosch.

Mathematics Club.

"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."

Vernon Elias Bassett. **"Dud."**

"O Sleep! It is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."

Helen Hariette Cavalier. **"Cav."**

Class-pin Committee, Freshman Year; Caldron Vaudeville; Commencement Committee.

"The first duty of woman is to be beautiful."

Clarence Wayne Baughman.

Caldron Staff, Junior and Senior Years; Caldron Vaudeville Committee; Caldron Vaudeville; Photograph Committee; Announcement Committee; Commencement Committee.

"Seraphs share with thee knowledge,
But Art, O man, is thine alone."

Florence Mae Clutter.

Senior Play; Caldron Vaudeville; Caldron Staff in Senior Year.

"Woman is most perfect when most womanly."

Cecil Leonard Biddle. **"Len."**

Mathematics Club; Cadet Corps.

"This hermit good, lives in that wood,
Which slopes down to the sea."

Valetta Dorothy Daseler.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Carl Littlefield Brunson. **"Bruno."**

Cadet Corps.

"What's well begun is half done."

Gladys Oda Davidson. **"Midge."**

"None but herself can be her parallel."

Clarence Franklin Cornish.

"Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes,
And thrice he slew the slain."

Esther Bertha Deister. **"Deit."**

Varsity Basket Ball, Junior and Senior Years; Sorosis; Friendship Club; Mathematics Club.

"Her step is music and her voice is song."

Ervin Alfred Doty. **"Sunshine."**

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear."

Martha Esther Dix.

"As pure in thought as angels are,
None knew her but to love her."

Herbert Lawrence Driftmeyer. **"Drifty."**

Mathematics Club; Platonian Literary Society; Cadet Corps; X2C, Caldron Vaudeville.

"But a merrier man,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Hazel Elizabeth Dougherty. **"Cutie."**

"Earth's noblest thing,
A woman perfected."

Jack Elwood Erwin. **"Jack."**

Glee Club; Senior Play; Enlisted in Coast Guard.

"A weighty matter, gentlemen,
Not to be tossed aside."

Joy Elder. **"Happy."**

"Everything is pretty that is young."

Ford Larimore Fair.

Enlisted in Aviation Corps.

"None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair."

Margeret Denner Ferguson.

"Good humor is always success."

Isadore Field. **"Izzy."**

Business Manager of the 1917 Caldron; Caldron Vaudeville; Platonian Literary Society; Class Track Team, 1914; Lieutenant Company, D. Cadet Corps.

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

Grace Fitch. **"Fitchy."**

Sorosis Society; Mathematics Club.

"A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles by human kindness bred!"

Harold William Delbert Gamrath.
"Fatima."

Platonian Literary Society; Mathematics Club; X2C; Sergeant-Major, Cadet Corps.

"One vast, substantial smile."

Esther May Flaig.

Honor Student.

"Gentle in mood,
Resolute in action."

Wilbur Clark Gorham. **"Woodie."**

"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light, fantastic toe."

Helen Esther Freiburger.

Class Basket Ball Teams, Sophomore and Junior Years.

"It is gentle manners which prove so irresistible in women."

Joseph Patrick Charles Grable **"Jawn."**

Class Vice-President, Senior Year; Chairman Executive Committee, Platonian Literary Society; Track Team, Freshman, Junior and Senior Years; Caldron Staff in Senior Year; Production Committee, Caldron Vaudeville; Cheer Leader; Chairman Yell Committee; Mootaagd; Captain Cadet Corps; Photograph Committee.

"And louder still, and still more loud,
His voice resounds thru all the crowd."

Mildred Emily Gailey. **"Mil."**

"Faithfulness and sincerity, first of all."

Victor Albert Guebard. **"Vic."**

"I never say anything of a man,
That I have the smallest scruple of saying to him."

Helen Mary Hackius. **"Hackie."**

Tennis Champion, Girl's Singles, '15, '16; Champion Girl's Doubles and Mixed Doubles, '16; Social Council, Junior Year; Class Basket Ball Teams, Sophomore, Junior and Senior Years; Captain in Sophomore Year; Varsity Basket Ball Team in Senior Year; Senior Play; Caldron Vaudeville; Tennis Tournament Committee, Senior Year; Commencement Committee.

"It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."

John Stephen Hattery. **"Steve."**

Platonian Literary Society; Glee Club; 1st Sergeant Company C, 1916; 1st Lieutenant, 1917, Cadet Corps.

"Common sense is very uncommon."

Jessie Ferne Graham.

"A loving heart is the truest wisdom."

Richard William Hille.

Winner of School Bowling Championship; Class Bowling Team.

"Hail fellow, well met."

Gladys Richey Hadley.

Social Council, Freshman, Sophomore, and Senior Years; Class Vice-President, Junior Year; Pin Committee, Freshman Year; Caldron Staff, Junior Year; Photograph Committee; Announcement Committee; Commencement Committee; Class Basket Ball Team, Junior Year.

"Truth makes the face of that person shine,
Who speaks and owns it."

Ralph Norbert Hosey.

"I will be lord over myself."

Helen Ruth Henschen.

"The secret of being lovely,
Is being unselfish."

Calvin Franklin Jackson. **"Cal."**

Caldron Staff, Senior Year; President of Class, Freshman Year; Senior Play Committee; Class Bowling Team, Three Years.

"Good manners, are a part of good morals."

Georgiana Hall Hudson. **"George."**

Valedictorian of the Class of Nineteen Seventeen; Caldron Staff, Senior, Sophomore and Freshman Years; Class Secretary-Treasurer, Sophomore and Junior Years; Class Historian; Baccalaureate Committee; Commencement Committee.

"But knowledge to her eyes, her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did fast unroll."

Adolph Saugmann Jensen.

Class Bowling Team.

"From the frozen climes of the Northland,
To bless this spot, he came."

Evelyn Irene Hinton. **"Ev."**

"Those who love beauty,
Are gentle and honest in their tempers."

Harry Deckard Nicholas Kendrick. **"Pudge."**

Caldron Staff, Senior Year; Social Council, Junior and Senior Years; Track Team, Sophomore Year; Captain of Baseball and Basket Ball, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior Years; Football Team, Manager Freshman Year and Captain, Sophomore Year.

"A good strong body, and a soul sincere;
Happy and honest, he knows no fear."

Katherine Kampe.

Caldron Vaudeville; Mathematics Club; Varsity Basket Ball Team, Junior and Senior years; Business Manager, Varsity Basket Ball Team; Captain Class Basket Ball Teams, Junior and Senior Years; Winner of Doubles Tennis Championship, 1916; Tennis Tournament Committee, 1917.

"As merry as the day is long."

Rutheford Bernard Kieler.

Platonian Literary Society; Glee Club.

"Bashfulness is the ornament of youth."

Helen Mary Jones. **"Jonesy."**

Member of Sorosis Society.

"A tender heart,
A will unflexible."

Harvey Jay Kieser.

"A man he seems,
Of cheerful yesterdays,
And confident tomorrows."

Helen Keegan.

"Bid me discourse,
I will enchant thine ear."

Harold Daniel Corey Kinney. **"Pods."**

Assistant Editor of the 1917 Caldron; President Platonian Literary Society, February to June, '17; Chairman Executive Committee, Three Terms; Class Treasurer in Senior Year; X2C; Honor Student; Financial Manager, Caldron Vaudeville; Vice-President Mathematics Club, Junior Year; Caldron Staff in Junior Year; Chairman Commencement Committee.

"We are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise."

Mildred Marie Keller. **"Kel."**

Caldron Staff in Senior Year; Social Council, Junior and Senior Years; Senior Play Committee; Class Basket Ball Teams, Sophomore and Junior Years; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '16-'17; Yell Committee; Commencement Committee; Caldron Vaudeville.

"Health and cheerfulness,
Make beauty."

Archie Ray Kiracofe. **"Archie."**

Senior Play Cast and Property Manager; X2C; Mathematics Club; Track Team, 1916.

"What is worth doing at all,
Is worth doing well."

Mae Florence Keller. **"Kag."**

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

Maurice Henry Lindemuth. **"Lindy."**

Captain Varsity Basket Ball Team, '16-'17; Class Baseball Team, '15; President X2C Club, '16-'17; Assistant Business Manager of the 1917 Caldron; Commencement Committee.

"He was a man, take him for all in all;
I shall not look upon his like again."

Elsie Kinerk. **"Heine."**

President Friendship Club, Two Terms.

"The world means much
To the capable."

Forest Edwin Luce.

"With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise."

Mary Fleda Kinerk.

Honor Student; Friendship Club.

"Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray,
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

Leland Stanford McKeeman **"Kuman."**

Class President, Sophomore Year; Sophomore Baseball Team; Class Bowling Team, Junior Year; Pi Gamma; Property Man, Senior Play; Commencement Committee.

"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place."

Celia Marie Koegel. **"Cel."**

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Luther Frederick Joseph Meyer. **"Claude."**

Glee Club; Senior Play.

"How long, O, Lord!
How long?"

Mary Lucile Kohr.

Friendship Club.

"It is tranquil people,
Who accomplish much."

Lowell Wilson Miles. **"Schmaltz."**

Caldron Staff, Senior Year; Track Team 1916; Mathematics Club; Caldron Vaudeville; Senior Play; Commencement Committee; President, Mootaagd, 1915, 1916, 1917.

"Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly, without father bred."

Agnes Mac Naughton. **"Mac."**

Mathematics Club.

"For nature made her what she is,
And never such another!"

Clarence Odell Miller.

Caldron Staff, Senior Year; President Platonian Literary Society, One Term, Treasurer One Term; Senior Play; Caldron Vaudeville; Secretary Glee Club, One Term; Pi Gamma; Social Council, Sophomore Year; Baccalaureate Committee; Announcement Committee; Debating Team, Auburn Debate; High School Discussion League; Platonian-Sorosis Debate.

"He had a head to contrive,
A tongue to persuade,
And a hand to execute any mischief."

Frances Willard Miller. "Fran."

"A lady is serene."

Elmer Donald Miller.
"Tiddlediwinks."

Glee Club; Mathematics Club; Class Basket Ball Team, Senior Year; Cadet Corps; Caldron Vaudeville; Class Track Team, Senior Year; Shortridge High School, Indianapolis.

"All his faults are such
That one loves him still the better for them."

Valeria Aldona Mohler.

Sorosis Society.

"A maiden hath no tongue, but thought."

Wendell Phillips Miller.

"But in that face, stern, and yet kind,
Lay s t r e n g t h and will-power, measureless."

Ruth Thelma Moreland.

Class Basket Ball Team, Freshman Year; Social Council, Sophomore Year.

"Her very frowns, are fairer far.
Than smiles of other maidens are."

William Samuel Morris. **"Bill."**

Class President, Junior and Senior Years; Class Vice-President, Freshman and Sophomore Years; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '16-'17; Pi Gamma; Business Manager Senior Play; Captain Cadet Corps; Enlisted in Signal Corps.

"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness to thy name."

Wilhelmina Scotson Morriss. **"Billy."**

Assistant Editor of the 1917 Caldron.

"Her ink flowed fast,
But faster flowed her ryhme."

Lew Meyers Morton. **"Lewie."**

Caldron Vaudeville; Lieutenant Cadet Corps; Mootaagd; Senior Basket Ball Team; Senior Bowling Team.

"There is nothing like fun,
Is there?"

Ercie Dorles Owen.

"Neatness is a crowning grace of womanhood."

Evart Perkins.

Enlisted in Aviation Corps.

"The warrior bold, in triumph comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums."

Hazel Marie Rhodes.

"Kindness is virtue itself."

William Gordon Polhamus. **"Bill."**

Member of X2C Club.

"A wise man reflects before he speaks."

Ethel Dane Peterson. "Pete."

Caldron Staff; Executive Committee, Sorosis Society; Mathematics Club; Photograph Committee.

"Thy gentle voice, my spirit can cheer."

Alfred Hayden Randall. "Al."

Varsity Basket Ball Team, '16-'17; Track Team, 1916; Track Captain, 1917; Pi Gamma; Class Bowling Team, '15, '16, '17.

"Seemed half within, and half without,
And full of dealings with the world."

Esther Henrietta Schild. "Lucy."

Caldron Staff; Senior Play; Mathematics Club; Sorosis Society; Caldron Vaudeville; Photograph Committee.

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

Carl William Rothert. "Pete."

Editor-in-chief of the 1917 Caldron; President, Mathematics Club, September to February, '16-17; President, X2C Club '15-'16; Treasurer, Platonian Literary Society, '16-'17; Publicity Manager, Caldron Vaudeville; Honor Student (Salutatory Address); Debating Team, Richmond and Auburn Debates; High School Discussion League.

"The applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise."

Mildred Clara Roeger.

Mathematics Club.

"A sweet expression,
Is the highest type of feminine loveliness."

Mayland Edwin Raquet. **"Rocky."**

Mootaagd.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Elizabeth Louise Rogier. **"Betty."**

Salutatorian of the Class of Nineteen Seventeen; Caldron Staff in Senior Year; Friendship Club; Mathematics Club.

"None knew her, but to love her,
Nor named her, but to praise."

Alfred Caldwell Schroll. **"Bud."**

"An affalable and courteous gentleman."

Elma Marie Elizabeth Ruck. "Rucky."

Mathematics Club; Friendship Club.

"The way to gain a friend, is to be one."

Henry Breese Scott. "Hank."

First Lieutenant, Company C, Cadet Corps; X2C; Platonian Literary Society.

"For they can conquer,
Who think they can."

Luella Elizabeth Schultz. "Lou."

Caldron Staff in Senior Year; Mathematics Club; Basket Ball Team, Freshman, Sophomore and Junior Years.

"As full of spirit,
As the month of May."

Arthur Byron Shoup.

Varsity Baseball Team, '14, '15; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '16-'17; Class Baseball Team, Sophomore Year.

"True worth he ever did possess,
Emblazoned fair in colors bright."

Lorine Marie Schust. **"Schusty."**

"A noble aim, faithfully kept,
Is a noble deed,
In whose pure sight, all virtue does succeed."

Robert Basil Sinclair. **"Bob."**

Platonian Literary Society, Executive Committee, Junior and Senior Years.

"He was a scholar,
And a ripe and good one."

LeVerne Goodwin Scott.

"Her hair was not more sunny than her heart."

Lawrence Henry Smith.

Enlisted in National Guard, Company B.

"One of the truly brave, he stands,—
The men who volunteered."

Anna Ionia Seslar.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good."

Scott Spenser Snyder. **"Scottie."**

Caldron Vaudeville.

"I am sure care's an enemy of life."

Edna Grace Smith.

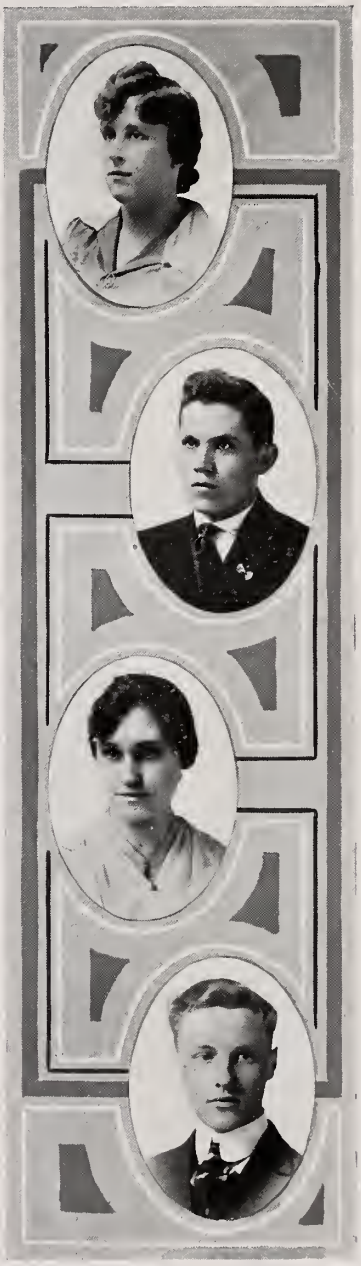
Honor Student; Friendship Club.

"Pity is woman's sweetest charm."

LeMoine A. Stump.

Honor Student; Mathematics Club; Caldron Staff, Senior Year.

"In stature and in name, A. stump:
In mind and soul, a giant oak."



Mina Lucile Stevens.

Mathematics Club.

"She wears the rose of youth upon her."

Carl Frank Tagtmeyer.

"Just education forms the man."

Florine Sunier.

Mathematics Club.

"Happy am I, from care, I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Ivan Robert Welty.

Caldron Staff in Senior Year; President Mathematics Club, '17, Vice-President, '16; X2C; President Glee Club, '16; Class Track Team, Senior Year; Secretary Platonian Literary Society, '15, Vice-President, '16, Executive Committee, '16; Sergeant-at-arms, '17; Debating Team, Richmond and Auburn Debates; High School Discussion League.

"He from whose lips,
Divine persuasion flows."

Mary Helen Williams. **"Jane."**

Caldron Staff, Senior Year; Photograph Committee; Senior Play Committee, Senior Play; Caldron Vaudeville; Commencement Committee.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Safara Austin Witmer. **"Saf."**

Caldron Staff, Senior Year; Executive Committee, Platonian Literary Society.

"Good sense and good nature,
Are never separated."

Jean Louise Tyger. **"Tige."**

Caldron Staff, Senior Year; Caldron Vaudeville; Senior Basket Ball Team.

"That same face of yours,
Looks like the title page to a whole volume of rougery."

Jack Wild.

"If a word be worth one shekel,
Silence is worth two."

Cecelia Tarletz. "Cel."

Honor Student; Mathematics Club; Sorosis Society.

"My mind to me an empire is."

Florence Sherwood Wells. "Flo."

Class Basket Ball Team, Sophomore Year; Mathematics Club.

"They laugh that win."

Alice Shelby Wilding. "Al."

"Her smile was like a morn in June
That laughs away the clouds."

Rosalie Weil. "Ro."

Class Basket Ball Team, Sophomore Year.

"Gentleness succeeds
Better than violence."

Viola Henrietta Thomas. **"The Vampire."**

"For men may come,
And men may go,
But I go on for ever."

Alva Arthur York.

Mathematics Club.

"His stature small,
His soul was tall,
His heart was truly great."

Alice Beatrice York. **"Al."**

"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody."

Kenneth Marsh Keegan. **"Ambition."**

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil."

ESTHER FLAIG
LAWERENCE SMITH
LORINE SCHUST
FLORENCE WELLS
ISADORE FIELD
MARY KOHR
LAVERNE SCOTT
LUCILE STEVENS
ELMA RUCK
GEORGIANA HUDSON
GRACE BANKS
CLARENCE BAUGHMAN
RUTH MORELAND
CLARENCE MILLER
ROBERT SINCLAIR
AURELIA BOSCH
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AGNES MAC NAUGHTON
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HAROLD KINNEY
HELEN HACKUS
MILDRED GAILEY
CECIL BIDDLE
HELEN FREIBURGER
MAURICE LINDEMUTH
MAE KELLER
ALFRED RANDALL
HILDA BOERGER
KATHERINE KAMPE
MAE CLUTTER
FLORINE SUNIER
ESTHER DEISTER
EDNA SMITH
HELEN HENSCHEN
HAROLD GAMRATH
JOHN HATTERY
CECELIA TARLETZ

What has Happened in the Past

(Georgiana Hudson)

The fact that that day in September, 1913, when our Class first sprang into existence, was a rainy day was not an omen of bad luck, for our Class has been successful from our first year through our last. Our class officers for the first year were Calvin Jackson, President; William Morris, Vice-President; Carroll O'Rourke, Secretary and Treasurer, with a social council of Gladys Hadley, Fred Stolte and Waine Short. Miss Wingert and Mr. Clark consented to be our faculty advisors. During our Freshman year we gave a dance in February and followed our first success with a party in May. We chose black and orange as our class colors and immediately selected our class pins. So much for the start we had, which has kept us going ever since.

For the Sophomore year we elected Stanford McKeeman, President; William Morris, Vice-President, and Georgianna Hudson, Secretary and Treasurer. The social council members were Gladys Hadley, Clarence Miller, Alice Wilding, Miss Wingert and Mr. Knight. Later Alice Wilding resigned and Waine Short was elected in her place. We had a Hallowe'en party and all that goes with it, in October. In March we gave a novel party at the Jefferson Theatre, going to the Y. W. C. A. afterwards for the "eats."

The next year William Morris was President, Gladys Hadley Vice-President, and Georgiana Hudson Secretary and Treasurer, with a social council consisting of Marie Keller, Harry Kendrick, Helen Hackius, Miss. Wingert and Mr. Thomas. We had another but different Hallowe'en party this year, with a "pipe-dream," an indoor track-meet, and a "regular" supper in the lunch-room, which was prettily decorated. In March we gave a party at Unity Hall, where we played games and danced. Thus we come to "**the**" year of our high school life.

Since Bill Morris made good last year as President and the two years before as Vice-President, he was elected President again this year. Joseph Grable was elected Vice-President and Harold Kinney Secretary and Treasurer. Then we selected Gladys Hadley, Marie Keller and Harry Kendrick as our social council. We got an early start for our Senior Play and selected as a committee, Mary Williams, Wilhelmina Morriss, Marie Keller, Lowell Miles, Paul Bachelor, Calvin Jackson and Clarence Miller, to get things going. Our Senior Play, as you may read on another page, was not only a success artistically but boosted our finances satisfactorily.

A committee selected our announcements and sent the order in early, so we would get them soon enough to tell our friends of the glad event—and incidentally to give them plenty of time to send us presents, if they thought about it.

Another order for class pins was sent in, so those who had been doubtful about "sticking to it" in their Freshman year could have another chance to get pins.

Santa Claus was very accommodating to us this year. We had a party on December 21, at the High School. First there was a "Mother Goose" pantomime. After this Santa Claus arrived with jingling bells and—well, you know how it goes—and presented the Senior Play cast and several basketball stars with gifts. Then we had games and last of all a banquet which was deliciously prepared for us in the lunch-room.

We are busy with plans for a picnic

at Robison Park for which—Hoorah!—we get a "day off." Another committee is working on the details of our Commencement Dance—which is an event all Seniors, and Ex-Seniors, look forward to with keen anticipation.

June 21st will see the Class of '17—120 strong—arrayed in gray caps and gowns ready to receive the diplomas which vouch for four years of good work.

And so ends the history of the 1917 class as a class—a class which has been financially successful, always original, and a record-breaker.

SIC CONFICITUR.

What is Yet to Happen in the Future

I reached New York City in September after a year's tour abroad and made directly for the office of my theatrical manager, Roland Apfelbaum, a former student in F.W.H.S. He had a new play called "G-M's in the Trenches," written by Georgiana Hudson, the rising young authoress. My co-star was Paul Bachelor, who had been leading man for the season of 1927-28 in Arthur Shoup's big musical success, "Tin Pans and Skillets."

New York looked good to me, so I decided to walk down town and look around. I went to the hotel desk to ask for my mail and was surprised to find Calvin Jackson acting as clerk. He told me about several of our old '17 Class. Robert Sinclair was an assistant in Viola Thomas' corset shop on Fifth Avenue. Helen Hackius was slinging hash in a Bowery restaurant. Clarence Miller and Ivan Welty were in the United States Senate. Helen Freiburger, Elma Ruck and Mae Keller were all in France in a Red Cross hospital.

I left the hotel and made my way over to Washington Square. There I discovered the studio of the brilliant young artist, Clarence Baughman. Florine Sunier was chief cook and bottle washer in this establishment, while Vernon Bassett acted as elevator boy. On the top floor of this same studio building lived Wilhelmina Morriss, now reporter for the New York Times. She showed me a scrap-book filled with interesting clippings concerning the lives of my former classmates. Among them was an account of the wedding of Miss Esther Henrietta Schild to Mr. Lowell Wilson Miles. Another paper told of the trial and imprisonment in Sing Sing of the two notorious crooks and yeggmen, Alfred Randall, alias Jake, and Kenneth Keegan, alias Ambition.

The opening night of my new play, I was busily engaged in looking over the audience. In the fourth row on the aisle sat Helen Cavalier with her husband, Mr. Bob —somebody. (Anybody know his name?)

I left New York for Fort Wayne in June and arrived in time to see some more of the missing Seniors in our Class. Wilbur Gorham was selling baby carriages in Weil's Department Store. Ralph Hosey was a section hand on the Wabash, and Victor Guebard was cleaning cuspidors in "Pete's Place." Rutheford Kieler and Harold Gamrath were farming a new kind of eyeless potato on the Lincoln Highway. Ethel Peterson and Valeria Mohler were conducting a cigar store where Riegel's had been. Gladys Davidson was police matron, and Cecelia Tarletz was doing duty as traffic cop at Wayne Street. Gladys Hadley was running a peanut stand at the interurban station.

As I was walking down Calhoun Street I saw a large sign bearing the words, "Fort Wayne Feminine Tonsorial Parlors." Surprised at this novel

establishment, I entered. Stanford McKeeman was the owner and proprietor. Seated behind the cashier's window was my old friend Katherine Kampe. Helen Jones and Joy Elder served as porters and shoe shiners. Ervin Doty was at the head of the lathering department, a very appropriate place, I assure you. The proprietor informed me that business was dull most of the time, but when the season permitted they were very rushed.

Carl Rothert, I learned, was now editor of the largest newspaper in the city. I immediately subscribed for it, and had it brought to me by Luther Meyer. The paper was snappy and full of news of old '17's. Some of it was quite interesting:

Mlle. Jean Louis Tyger
The World-Famous Diver
Will Appear in Person at Robison Park
Sunday, July 4, 1930
Admission 30c

Bud Schroll, the champion golfer and bowler of America, will contest for his title tomorrow against William Polhamus, the renowned South American. The match will take place on Kendrick's golf links.

I went into Wells' restaurant and saw Margaret Ferguson cutting bread and John Hattery waiting on the tables. From him I learned that Wendell Miller was the dish-washer and Mayland Raquet the cook. I left without eating, fearing ptomaine from such an assembly of poisoners.

I was hungry, however, so I went on up the street to Wilding's Confectionery Store. The proprietress herself waited on me and then sat down to tell me all the gossip. In her employ were Frances Miller and Jessie Graham. Elsie Kinerk was the snake-charmer in a circus. Ercie Owen was driving a fire-truck in Portland, Oregon. Hazel Rhodes and Edna Smith were teaching school in Japan. Esther Deister was singing in grand opera, and Anna Seslar was matron at the Feeble-Minded Home. Luella Schultz and Margaret Boan were singing at a religious revival conducted by Rabbi Maurice Lindemuth at Wild's new church.

I went to Schust's movie house to see Mildred Gailey, the famous vampire who forced Theda Bara to resign in Le Moine Stump's new feature, "The Woman Who Wasn't." LeVerne Scott was selling tickets at the window, and I was ushered to my seat by Carl Tagtmeyer. Lew Morton and Evelyn Hinton did a vaudeville act.

As I entered a street car I recognized Isadore Field in the uniformed conductor. From him I gained further information concerning my former classmates. Mae Clutter was married to a prominent Ypsilanti lawyer. Scott Snyder was a bartender in Kiracofe's saloon. Harold D. C. X. Y. Z. Kinney was traveling for Morris' wholesale liquor house. Clarence Cornish and Ford Fair were both officers in the army, and Herbert Driftmeyer had won a medal for bravery in France. Joe Gable was umpire for the New York Giants.

A new theatre, owned and managed by Henry Scott and Carl Brunson, was opened; so I atended the first performance. Richard Hille, Evert Perkins, Lawrence Smith, and Adolph Jensen were ushering. The play was a rather refined burlesque. Ruth Moreland was the soubrette; and in the chorus were Valetta Daseler, Helen Henschen and Alice York.

I visited MacNaughton's chewing gum factory in Columbus, Ohio, and found Helen Keegan and Lucile Stevens busily engaged in wrapping up the sticks. Evelyn Arick was chief sampler.

The next year I toured the States preparatory to retiring from theatrical life. Van Barnett and Aurelia Bosch were conducting a dancing academy for

cowboys in Texas. Hilda Boerger and Mary Kinerk were running a garage in Nashville, Tenn. Marie Keller was raising Jersey cows on a farm near Peoria, Ill. Elizabeth Rogier was a suffragette and was holding stirring meetings in Dougherty's Hall at Trenton, N. J. Grace Banks was an artist's model, and Mildred Roeger was a movie director in Chicago. Donald Miller was selling fish-worms at Lake George. His wife, Celia Koegel, dug the worms for him, while he sold 'em. I heard the famous tenor, Safara Witmer, at Baldwin's Theatre in Salt Lake City. While there I learned that Alva York had been converted to the Mormon faith and now owned seventeen wives. Mary Kohr and Esther Flaig were included in these. Harvey Kieser and Forest Luce were working in Biddle's Bottle Factory. Grace Fitch and Helen Fortney were cabaret singers at the Dix Cafe in San Francisco.

And now you all know what your destinies are to be. For have they not been prophesied by me, and do I not always speak the truth? Therefore your lives should be easy, for you've only to follow the prophecy and shape your plans accordingly.

Mary Williams,
Seeress and Sothsayer
of the Senior Class.

Will of the Class of 1917

Know All Men, That we, the Senior Class of 1917, of the City of Fort Wayne, in the County of Allen, in the State of Indiana, still maintaining our right minds and memories, do hereby make this, our last will and testament, to wit:

To the Juniors, we devise and bequeath the high standard and reputation of the Caldron; the leadership of the school; the fostering of that weak child, "School Spirit," and finally the guardianship of our children, the School Activities and Organizations.

To the Sophomore Class we give the Stage Wall of the Auditorium, hoping that Johnny Watt will display his artistic ability upon this rather than upon pieces of paper scattered about the recitation rooms and library tables.

We freely and generously give to our beloved Freshmen the training and high ideals which we have attempted to instil in their youthful minds. May the Juniors follow our example, and in like good manner bring up the next Freshman Class.

To all High School Organizations, we bequeath the quiet, hard-working patriotism of Harold Kinney.

For next year's debating team, we leave the appearance, argument, and air of Miller, Rothert and Welty, which fought so successfully against Auburn.

In closing our general bequests, we leave to the School one Model Example Class, to be used as a precedent by all succeeding classes.

Personal Bequests.

To the guards of next year's feminine basket-ball team, Helen Pohlmeyer and Hilda Schwehn, we leave the Altitude and Ability of Helen Hackius and Katherine Kampe.

To Howard Shambaugh, we bequeath Carl Rothert's editorial ability, and the best wishes of the present staff.

We leave to next year's Senior President the executive ability of William Morris, and also a copy of Robert's Rules of Order.

To Helen Stopher we give Mary Williams' exuberant enthusiasm, hoping that a combination of the two charac-

(Continued on Page Seventy-Four)

The Ballad of the Sheriff and the Thief

(Wilhelmina Morriss.)

Oh! a thief's a thief, and a sheriff's a sheriff,
And the twain don't like to meet,
But all men stand on common ground
When it comes to something to eat.

The burglar is out with his jimmy and wrench,
And has raided the butcher's shop,
And he has lifted a leg of ham, and bacon, and many a chop;
He has lifted them out of the window shelf,
Between the dawn and the day,
And packed them deep in his gunny sack,
And ridden far, far away.
Then up and spoke the butcher's son, as gloomy and thoughtful he sat:
"Is there never a man of all you men who can tell where this thief is at?"

It was an ancient groceryman, that raised his voice then:
"It must be Johnny Valentine, who's on the road again."
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,"
Exclaimed the butcher lad,
"Canst tell me who will catch this man,
Who is so bold and bad?"

"Friends, Grocers, Butchers," quoth the Sheriff,
"I'll go to find the thief and seize him.
The evil that he's done he'll suffer for—
The good's not worth remembering.
The noble grocer hath told you that Jimmy stole the ham.
If it were so, it were a grievous fault,
And grievously must Jimmy answer it."

"Oh, thou brave and worthy sheriff!"
Quoth the butcher's son in joy.
"All my hopes are centered in you,
All my thoughts go onward with you.
Bring me back that thieving villain,
Bring him back in chains and anguish,
To the justice of the law courts,
To my vengeance and my anger."

"My little Ford now bring to me,"
The sheriff cried, so bold and brave.
"For today I go over land and sea,
In search of that wretched knave.
Never a bed for me shall be spread,
Or ever a pillow laid under my head,
'Til I bring back the wicked thief—
Also your sausage, and bacon, and beef."

Half a league, half a league, half a league onward.
Uphill and down, pell mell,
Boldly he rode and well,
Far from the city's throng,
Bravely he sped along.
Thus journeyed the Sheriff.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night was beginning to lower,
Came a pause in the traveler's journey,
For it was the supper hour.
He gazed at the country about him—
No sign of a house or a hut.
His stomach yearned for feeding,
And he called himself a mutt.
He thot of the errant Jimmy,
And his goodly hoard of meat;
He thot no longer of capture, but only of something to eat.

'Twas just before midnight, along all the road,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a toad.
The Sheriff was cautious, he drove with great care,
For fear in the dark that Jim might be there.
He shut off his engine, and started to snooze,
Was soon sweetly dreaming of pretzels and booze,
When out by the roadside there arose such a clatter
He sprang from the seat to see what was the matter.
The smacking of lips he thought was the sound,
So he jumped from his Ford and began to look 'round.
Then what to his wondering eyes did appear,
But Jimmy, the meat and a big keg of beer.

Then up spake valiant Jimmy, perched on an old fence gate:
"To every man upon this earth Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better than full of bacon and ham,
And as for you, Sir Sheriff, I don't give a ——"

The Sheriff has gripped him by the hand, and set him on his feet.
"Let there be no talk of death," he said, "when food and hunger meet.
May I eat dirt, if thou hast hurt of men in word or breath—
We'll eat, drink, and be merry; there'll be no talk of death."

And the goodwife tells her neighbors of the bargains and the sales—
When the goodman strops his razor, and trims his finger nails,
When the young and old in circle around the firebrands sit,
When the young are reading novels, and the parents sew or knit—
With joking and with laughter, still is the story told,
How the Sheriff captured Jimmy, in the brave old days of old.

Things We have Went and Did

First and foremost, is our Senior Play. The play and cast are written up elsewhere, but this is placed here merely as a reminder of the fact that our play was really a success, dramatically, artistically, and financially. The best proof of this is our box office receipts. Money talks.

Just before Christmas, we gave a Class Party. There was nothing unusual about the party itself, for it was up to our usual high standard. But a little bit of side play in connection with it, deserves mention. The city authorities overlooked the purchasing of the annual municipal Christmas Tree, last Christmas, and it looked as though the poor of the city would have to do without the pleasure of seeing a tree. However, the Class of 1917 stepped into the breach, and donated a large tree, beautifully decorated, and lighted. The fact that this tree had been used at our party, detracts not at all from the spirit of the deed.

The Caldron Vaudeville comes next in this eulogic record. Although it was not strictly a Senior affair, most of the cast were Seniors, and the whole production was managed by Seniors. Aside from being a fair success financially, and a wonderful success dramatically, it was a success school-spiritually. Which means that it helped advertise the school, and also put a lot of pep into that needy institution.

Everyone who attended school at the time, will remember the Lexington Day parade, chiefly because we all had to march in it. And all of those who marched, will remember the little flags which were passed out at the parade. But very few of the recipients thereof know from whence the flags came, and who payed for them. Well, to those whom it may concern, we hesitatingly admit that the Senior Class was guilty of tme deed. Yessir, we went and bought about a thousand of the things, and passed 'em out free.

The next deed of note, is of a very different nature from those just recounted. One morning, just before the Caldron Vaudeville, the whole school was surprised (not agreeably), to find that, on the flag staff, especially prepared for unfurling of the national colors, there flapped in the morning breeze, the famous Orange and Black, the colors of '17! Maybe this wasn't the right kind of "school-spirit" to display, but we did it anyhow. For the benefit of the curious, we will say that the deed was done by Messrs. W....., H....., and O....., all members of the Exterior Decorating Committee of the Class of Nineteen Seventeen.

Another perpetration of like character, was pulled of, recently, only in this case, no one knew anything about it till just now. The back wall of the stage, in the Auditorium was covered with dirt, to such a degree that after a while, most of the wall was also covered with initials. Realizing that ths should be remedied, and seeing a chance to, at the same time, advertise our Class, several of us bought some wall paper cleaner, and proceeded to engrave in ten-foot numerals, the legend, "1917" on the dirty wall. Since a large flag conceals the wall, no one found out that it was there. A photograph which appears elsewhere, will prove beyond a doubt that this is strictly true. This masterpiece was executed by Stewbums X....., Y....., and Z....., all members of the Interior Decorating Committee.

On more thing deserves mention, and then we close. For the first time in years and years, both the Class and Caldron leave not a single unpaid debt behind. Whatever else you may think of it, you will have to admit that there are no grafters in the Class of Nineteen Seventeen. So. Here's to the Class, May it's spotless memory linger forever!

Good-Bye, Seniors

(Floyd R. Neff.)

What a world of memories that word "Good-bye" at once creates! True, it suggests a parting, a time when kindred ties of some sort or other must be severed and friendship once close and mutual must be made more distant. Even tho stern fate will want to cut the silken cord of high school's kindred ties, yet some fond remembrances (if we choose to have it so), some omnipresent spur to cruel forgetfulness, will ever keep refreshed in our busied brains, fond memories of the high school days. For, what tho our tomorrows pass into todays and they in turn to yesterdays, yet never shall they blot from mind's fair dream those scenes of yesterday.

Now you are about to leave us, and we are sorry to see you go. What a myriad of visions now lie before you; what a world of anticipation you are entering. We teachers know; we have experienced this ourselves. Hence, when we see you, dressed in cap and gown, receive that emblem of merit which you have so justly earned, we can not but help feel again the thrill of joy that we ourselves did once experience. So you see, your teachers are not so far removed from you after all. We rejoice in your happiness and we sorrow in your disappointments. It is not (as often some do think) a superior "I" and an inferior "you;" but only a quiet mien, which, after all, is for your good and for ours.

Much might be said of the problems of life which lie before you, but it would be but another mision, fantastic, signifying nothing. Fate has spun no thread for you—she has left that for you to do. Now you are beginning life anew. Most of you are left to your own resources. You yourself—not fate—shall determine your successes or failures in life. It is for you to choose whether or not it can be said of you that:

"Toiling, sorrowing, rejoicing,
Onward thru life he goes;
Each morning sees some work begun,
Each evening sees its close."

or shall you, as Lord Chesterdon has so aptly paraphrased:

"Toiling, sorrowing, rejoicing,
So I my life conduct;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it chucked."

Which shall it be? No stern father, no rich uncle, no loving mother can determine. You alone must decide. Are you going to churlishly sit down at Father's table, or, perhaps, prodigal like, return a spent youth? Or are you

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

In your high school course you have had many pleasures, yet you must ever remember that "Pleasures are like popies spread; you seize the flower, the bloom is shed." You have learned much, yet you must ever bear in mind, "A little learning is a dangerous thing, drink deep or taste not of the Pyrian spring." You have had many sorrows and disappointments, yet you are again invited to recall that, "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts." Then you ask: Why this commingling of knowledge, of happiness and of sorrows? The answer:

"Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness."

What proportion of "sweetness" have you maintained? What degree of knowledge have you acquired? To these queries you have not yet an answer. Nor will you have for a year or so. When you leave, some of you (not all) will no doubt, "Cast one long lingering look behind." But after the lapse of a year or so, when you are in a reminiscent mood, fond memories of the good old days will crowd your memory like "thick coming fancies," and gladly will you live again the good old days of yore.

With this we bid you adieu. We shall list you with your predecessors and shall gladly welcome your return at any time. So again we say good-bye, and may you go forth into the world and "Take the good the gods provide thee."

Mary had a Little Lamb

(Bostonized)

A charming and bewitching young creature, delighting in the rare and euphonious appellation of Mary, was possessed of a diminutive quadruped of the genus lambkin, whose capillary appendage was as white as congealed moisture. It accompanied her to a literary institution one day, a proceeding diametrically in opposition to the rules and regulations of the aforesaid establishment, for it excited the youthful generation to loud and boisterous cachinations and frolicsome infantile gambols. The pedagogue thereof immediately excluded and excommunicated the aforesaid lambkin. But still he lingered near those hallowed precincts, until his visual organs were once more gladdened by his adored companion. Then, by the aid of his pedestrian appendages, he propelled himself straight forward, and laid his phrenological developments on the elongation of her shoulder and reiterated, "I am now in the harbor of safety and can now send defiance to the aforesaid pedagogue and would gently advise and admonish him to descend to those subterraneous regions, whose torrid climate, from the fact of its being impregnated with immense quantities of chloride, is supposed to superinduce perspiration."

Will of the Class of 1917

(Continued from Page Sixty-Nine)

ters will result in an ideal temperament.

To some male members of the Junior Class we give Paul Bachelor's acting talent, and wish we could give of the beauty which graced our productions.

To any fool asking for the same, we give the sense of humor, experience and broad-minded intellect of our Notary Public, with the money left over from the Commencement as a bounty.

Lastly, we grant, unanimously and cheerfully, our heartfelt interest and best wishes to the School, its Students, Teachers and Activities.

In witness whereof, we, the Class of Nineteen Seventeen, do hereby give our hand and seal, this twenty-second day of June, in the year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen.

(Signed) Class of 1917.

(Seal)

Subscribed and sworn to before me this, the twenty-second day of June, 1917.

IVAN R. WELTY,
Notary Private.

My commission expires Feb. 31st, 1934.

JUNIOR
J. watt ?

The Junior Directory

CLASS OFFICERS

HOWARD M. SHAMBAUGH — President

C. WILLARD MOELLERING — Vice-President

FACULTY ADVISERS

MR. NEFF

MISS SEYMOUR

SOCIAL COUNCIL

JOHN STOCKBERGER

RALPH WILKENS

DOROTHY SHULZE

CLASS COLORS—PURPLE AND WHITE

CLASS YELLS

Ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-flimity-flam.
Tickle your nose—who gives a damn!
Purple and White; Purple and White;
Nineteen-eighteen, out of sight.

One—nine, one—eight.
We'll put 'em all in a heluva state.
We're ruff, we're tuff, we're hard to bluff;
Nineteen-eighteen, that's the stuff.

CALDRON REPORTERS

EARL WOODING

WILLIAM REGENAUER

CALDRON OFFICERS FOR 1918

HOWARD SHAMBAUGH . . .	Editor-in-Chief
KARL BEIERLEIN	Assistant Editor
WILLARD MOELLERING . . .	Business Manager
NEWTON WARRINER . . .	Assistant Manager

HOWARD SHAMBAUGH
WILLARD MOELLERING
CARL BEIERLEIN
NEWTON WARRINER
CLASS OFFICERS
PRESIDENT
EDITOR OF 1918 CALDRON
VICE PRESIDENT
BUSINESS MGR-1918 CALDRON
ASSISTANT EDITOR
OF 1918 CALDRON
ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF 1918 CALDRON
JUNIOR SOCIAL COUNCIL
CLASS of 1918
RALPH WILKENS
JOHN STOCKBERGER
DOROTHY SCHULTE
FACULTY ADVISORS
MISS SEYMOUR
MR. NEFF

History of the Class of 1918

(Karl M. Beierlein.)

When, in February and September, 1914, the members of the illustrious Class of 1918 timidly entered the High School and gazed with deep veneration upon the grave old seniors and jolly juniors, they wondered how they could reach such a state in the brief period of three years. But they have lived to see that happy time, and, since they have put themselves in a class purely exclusive, may they live to see nothing that will mar the setting of their day.

The juniors kindly favored us with their aid in holding our first meeting, when Clarence Strodel (since left) was elected President; Helen Stopher, Vice-President; Howard Shambaugh, Secretary-Treasurer; and Connie Bogart, Mary Evans and Robert Scidel (all of whom have ceased to be with us), members of the social council. The officers chose Mrs. Edson and Miss May Faculty Advisers. The class colors first selected were blue and gold, but, since the shades of blue are infinite, they were changed to purple and white in order to simplify matters.

Two very successful class parties constituted the social functions of our freshman year. There was an unusually large attendance at the second of these, since we kindly invited the extremely fresh (when compared to us) 1919's of the February section.

In the class tennis tournament the victors were Zent, and Zent and Strodel.

Then, after a safe passage through our freshman year, the most of us returned, filled with sophomoric wit and foolishness. At a meeting early in the year Howard Shambaugh was elected President; Willard Moellering, Vice-President; Helen Stopher, Secretary-Treasurer; Norman Kendall, Clarence Figel, and Joseph Underhill, Social Council members; Henry Dannecker, Sergeant-at-Arms; and Ralph Wilkins, an able Cheer Leader. Miss Brown and Mr. Neff were chosen as Faculty Advisers, and to them as well as to the class officers we owe the successful class parties and good times enjoyed throughout our second year.

In the third week of school we started things with a class tennis tournament. Thekla Wermuth won the girls' singles; Tec and Ethel Eggeman the girls' doubles; Murdock Mulholland, the boys' singles; and Mulholland and Clarence Woebbeking the boys' doubles.

A class orchestra was formed, which was of great benefit to us at our class parties, and appeared at several chapel exercises.

In November we gave our unique county fair class party, which was enjoyable to all who attended. Then the whole school experienced a great revival of class spirit, and suffered under the ire of the Faculty because of our purple and white caps. The other classes copied our idea, and class spirit ran high until the formidable "ten per off" filled our hearts with fear, and forced us into submission.

We closed our Sophomore year socially with a very successful party at Unity Hall. A little scenario written by Mr. Neff, a mock wedding, and dancing were the chief attractions.

In appreciation for his pep and ability, and since we knew a good man when we saw him, we had Howard Shambaugh continue as Class President during our junior year. He has been ably assisted by Willard Moellering, Clarence Figel (who has left school), and the social council, consisting of Dorothy Shulze, John Stockberger, and Ralph Wilkins. Mr. Neff and Miss Sey-

mour were elected Faculty Advisors. Mr. Neff has been our Faculty Advisor for two years and we recognize in him the person that has done the most to make our Class such a success. Although he is kept very busy with his class work and various organizations, he always gives freely of his time and energy for the promotion of the best interests of our Class.

In November we gave a class party which at once distinguished us as the most original and progressive Class in the school. We were the first and only Class to give a real play at a class party. Since the cast was made up of such dramatists as Dorothy Shulze, Myrtle Park, John Stockberger, Howard Shambaugh and Willard Moellering, the farce comedy, "Pa's New Housekeeper," was a howling success. In addition to the play we enjoyed the groanings of the "Misery Quartet," the ragtime of the mandolin trio, dancing, and good eats —all for the paltry sum of fifteen cents. Cheap? We should say yes! This was a real class party, and all who were present will corroborate this statement.

And now the time came for us to choose our Caldron staff. Of course, Howard Shambaugh, a man of acute perspicuity and literary ability, was elected Editor-in-chief. He will be ably assisted by Karl Beierlein, and, with the aid of Willard Moellering and Newton Warriner, together with the rest of the staff, we will break all records with the Caldron just as this renowned Class has done with everything else it has undertaken. The plan for choosing the staff, proposed by Carl Rothert, the present Editor of the Caldron, could not be carried out because the members of the Class did not respond as they should have done. This was a meritorious plan, and it is much to be regretted that not enough interest was shown for carrying it out. It is to be hoped that some such plan will be successful in the future. As a consequence the Caldron officers, after much deliberation, completed the staff by the following appointments: Literary—Rose Pelzweig, Howard Van Arnam, and Eugene Heller; Exchange — Helen Stopher and Joseph Underhill; Illustrators and Cartoonists—Tec Wermuth, James King, Clarence Gutermuth, and Charles Ashley; Athletics—Jack Frank and Vic Gross; Society—Lillian Smith, Louise Baade, and Sarah Grace Randall; School News—Eugene Kraus and Ralph Miller; and Jokes—Earl Wooding and Gustave Fries.

Since the play made the last party such a success, it was thought everyone would enjoy another party of the same kind. It was very evident that the play committee, consisting of Victoria Gross, Helen Stopher, and Herman Heine, made a very wise selection of characters for "Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball." Mabel Hart provoked many a laugh by her excellent portrayal of her comical role of Polly, while Helen Stopher and Mary Haller acted in a most praiseworthy manner the characters of Mrs. Carver and her daughter Beatrice, respectively. James King, the Englishman, aroused the deep pity of the audience with his heart-rending groans. Herman Heine, Willard Moellering, and Ralph Wilkens deserve much credit for the way in which they carried out their parts of Jack, the cousin of Beatrice; Mr. Carver, and an officer of the law, respectively. The play was, indeed, a distinct success. Besides the play, a dirge composed and sung by Howard Shambaugh, the "Misery Quartet," the mandolin trio, the dancing, and eats were enjoyed by all. Although everything has advanced in price, we were still able to give such a magnificent party for only fifteen cents.

A great deal of interest has been aroused in the Class tennis tournament which is being held this Spring. The winners could not be determined before the Caldron went to press.

The Class of 1918 has much for which

it may feel justly proud. Its social enterprises, in which Mr. Neff has always been the strongest factor, its prowess on field and gymnasium, its scholars, its musicians, its orators, its military leaders have put its stamp indelibly upon the sands of time. Its past has been bright, its future glows still brighter. The purple and white, which has withstood every knock and shock, bids fair to wave triumphantly to the end.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

(Victoria M. Gross.)

Who has not heard of the 1918 Girls' Basket Ball Team? Why, even the very first Caldron that was published after the Class of 1918 made its appearance at the F. W. H. S. commended the enthusiasm of the girls of this famous Class—with due cause, too, for at the girls' basket ball meeting the number of Freshman girls present exceeded the total number of Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. I guess this shows spirit, doesn't it? At this meeting we elected Lilian Smith captain.

When, at last, the weather became cold enough to play, we were ready to begin practice with a vim—and we did it, too. What did our first practice reveal? Great enthusiasm, of course, willing workers, good players, and—Tec, the star of the 1918 girls. The enthusiasm displayed by the girls did not wane even after the Seniors beat us. We kept working hard, however, and in our next game came very near defeating the Sophomores, the score being 12 to 11. This ended our basket ball activities for our Freshman year.

The next fall, with fresh energy, we began our Sophomore year by electing Tec Wermuth Captain. This year we showed what we could do. Our first victims were the Freshies. In a rather one-sided game we defeated them by the glorious score of 26 to 6. At the same time the Seniors defeated the Juniors. So our next game was with the Seniors, who suffered the same fate of the Freshies, although the score, 12 to 3, was not quite as high. Now the '18s triumphed indeed. The 1918 girls' basket ball team won the championship of the school. Take off your hat to the 1918's. So, gloriously, was our Sophomore year brought to a close.

At the beginning of this, our Junior year, we re-elected Tec Wermuth Captain. As no inter-class games were played this year, and since most of the girls on the class team played or practiced with the school team, we gave up all our time to the varsity. Three of the best players on the school team were 1918's. First of all, there is Tec, Captain of both school and class teams. What class wouldn't be proud of her, the only girl who ever made the school team in her Freshman year? But we must by no means overlook our guards, Hilda Schwehn and Helen Pohlmeyer. To them, also, much credit is due for keeping down the scores of their opponents. These players will "get theirs" in another part of this book, yet we must not forget that they are 1918's. Then, too, the 1918 basket ball team owes most of its success to the hard work of Miss Wingert. We surely appreciate her excellent coaching and wish to thank her for it. Thus the third year is ended and since no inter-class games have been played this year, the 1918 girls are still the champions of the school. If class games are played next year, be sure to come and watch the '18 girls maintain their championship title.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

(C. Willard Moellering.)

When the boys of the Class of 1918 came into this community, athletics as a whole was a minus quantity, due to the lack of School Spirit of the upper classmen. But, alas, in that great mass of "Green Freshies," as we were called at that time, there were a few sparks of athletic spirit still aglow from boyhood days. And behold, the might of a spark, how it will kindle when given the proper nourishment. It was these few sparks that, so to speak, rekindled the fire of athletic spirit as it stands today. The few sparks that brought about this welcomed combustion were of the Freshman basket ball team of 1914. This team of sturdy Freshmen was composed of the following: H. Dannecker (forward and captain), E. Stahl (forward) since left, W. Moellering (guard and manager), C. Strodel (guard) since left.

This crew triumphed over several of the well-known teams of this city and school. Two very thrilling victories were gained when they twice defeated the notorious five who called themselves the "SSS." You probably well remember Skinny Steup's Scrubs. Several other games were won, and the team closed its season with only one defeat, which was dealt them by the St. Paul Jrs.

Besides the basket ball activities, the defenders of the Purple and White put into the field one of the best football teams ever turned out by a high school. Among several of their victories was the one made over the Freshmen of the C. C. H. S., which was played at Lawton Park on October 2, 1914. In this they shut the C. C. H. S. out to a score of 30-0. After the boys of the Purple and White returned for their second year of school, they immediately began to improve the success they had made the year before, and there is no doubt that success was their byword during their second year, for the basket ball team that was put on the floor for the season could not be beaten as a class team. It was called the 1918 Independents, and was composed of the following players: H. Dannecker (center and captain), E. Stahl (forward), R. Wilkens (forward), C. Figel (guard), W. Moellering (guard and manager), H. Wehrenberg (guard), K. Stahl (forward or guard). This line-up was an improvement on the previous one and proved an equal success. The 1918 boys also took part in bowling, but were not very successful. In the Junior year the Independents were not reorganized, as all of its members, who are still with us, were selected for the Varsity team, and brought great honor to their Class by their playing. Two of our players, Butch Wilkens and Bill Moellering, will have the honor of receiving the school letters for their faithful and diligent playing. Besides the previous events mentioned, there is Track, an event also worthy of mentioning, as several of our athletes have made good showings, in both this and last year's season. N. Warriner. R. Wilkens, J. Blake, I. Zweig and several others deserve special mention for their good work.

So, with the word **Success** still on our lips, we close our Junior year, and hope to make our Senior athletic activities surpass all previous events of the school.

THE DAILY GRIND

(Scene in Miss Kolb's Class, Eighth Period.)

1st bell rings.

Enter Miss Kolb and all her pupils except Messrs. Miller and Morton.

Five seconds before the 2nd bell rings Messrs. Miller and Morton appear on the scene.

Miss Kolb: Well, I have something interesting to read today. Do you want to hear it?

Pupils (anxious to waste time): Sure! Do! Fine! Etc.

Miss Kolb: All right, I'll read it to you.

Mr. Crane interrupts: "Don't forget the roll."

Miss K.: Oh, I forgot all about it. All right, Mr. Crane, here it is.

Exit Mr. Crane.

Miss K.: This is a speech of Mr. Taft's which was delivered at a banquet in New York. I shall read the speech rather fast, but I want you to follow closely and get every word: 'Skbllrskyczsbgqmnjvtxdfqrzeatnoird.' Wasn't that an interesting speech? And did you notice, it emphasized Deeemocracy. Now what is it, class?

Pupils: Deeemocracy.

Miss K.: Again.

Pupils: Deeeeemocracy.

Miss K.: Don't forget it. Now, once more—

Pupils: Deeeeee-mocracy.

(Mr. Crane again enters.)

Miss K.: Isn't it interesting to know that history is being made so rapidly and that we are living to see it being made? Whenever anyone asks you what this war is far, remember that it is Democracy versus Antocracy. What is it, class?

Pupils: Deee-mocracy versus Autocracy.

Miss K.: And what is it that we're fighting for?

Pupils: Dee-mocracy.

Miss K.: Again.

Pupils: Dee-mocracy.

(Loud groans from Mr. Epstein.)

Miss K.: President Wilson is the greatest man in American history; he is the greatest man in the history of the world. His speech is the greatest speech ever delivered. And what is he fighting for, class?

Pupils: Dee-mocracy.

(Here Messrs. Epstein and Warren faint and are carried out. After being revived, they return to the agony.)

Miss K.: Well, what is the lesson for today?

Hetrick: What lesson?

Epstein (also trying to pull a bluff): You didn't assign any lesson.

Miss K.: Now, Mr. Epstein, don't try to get out of it. I believe I'll let you begin since you tried to act so smart.

Mr. Epstein: Er-r-r. (Ka-hum.) (Kachoo) er-r-r—

Miss K. (interrupting): Come on, we can't wait all day. Next—Mr. Warren.

(No sound from Bro. Warreu.)

Miss K.: Don't you know your lesson, Mr. Warren? All right then, —P. Come on, Mr. Watt!

Watt: I didn't know we had a lesson for today.

Miss K.: Well, that's your fault. Come on, Mr. Crane!

(Mr. Crane recites perfectly.)

Miss K.: Ah! There's the boy for you. That boy knows his lesson. Next paragraph, Mr. Travers.

(Here Mr. Travers no sooner stands up than the bell rings.)

Miss K.: Well, I guess we'll have to stop there. (Mr. Travers joyfully sits down.) You pupils waste so much time that we never get anything done. For tomorrow take from page 129 to page 204, and learn every word by heart.

(Bell rings and pupils exeunt.)

(FINIS)

THE BREAD LINE

(Karl M. Beierlein,—'18.)

If anyone cares to observe human nature and the actions and deportment of the younger generation, he can find a fitting object for his observations in the lunchroom of the Fort Wayne High School. Here, three times every day, there assembles a hungry crowd made up of students ranging in rank from the little "Freshie" to the grave old Senior.

With the ringing of the bell announcing the beginning of each lunch period, a vast throng is turned loose in the corridors, each person intent on the next stage of his activity. The majority have their minds on the lunchroom, where the air is thick with the odors of onion and roast beef, and they make their way to that place in hurly-burly fashion in order to get at the head of the great line which assembles almost instantly. Then, amid the clatter of trays and forks and knives, those that were fortunate enough to gain a place at the head of the line begin to select the food (mostly desserts and delicacies) in true cafeteria style. Someone in the rear who is growing impatient at the delay begins to push, and, momentarily, the string of struggling youths and maidens resembles a train of freight cars when the brakes are suddenly applied by the locomotive. In spite of the general confusion and hub-bub which accompanies the dropping of pennies and other small coins at the cashier's desk and the "scrapping" of unruly boys for places at the best tables, all finally get settled and each person begins to partake of the food which he procured with such difficulty.

Those who carry their lunches have an advantage over their friends who do not, because they are through eating before the others begin. It is amusing to watch these folks, and clearly perceive the extremes of bashfulness and boldness. The timid little freshman, with his lunch spread in his lap, stoops down as far as possible to take a bite of his sandwich, and fills the "spectator" with the impression that he would be more comfortable beneath the table where no curious gaze could reach him. On the other hand, the less bashful fellow occupies almost the entire table, with his papers, and amuses himself by tossing juicy fruit at his more restrained neighbor. Such is the life in the lunch room. Then, as the time for the ringing of the first bell draws nigh, the lunch room becomes deserted, and rests in peaceful quiet until the next mad rush disturbs its sombre solitude.

THE POET'S LAMENT

(Rose Pelzweig,—'18.)

I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,
With all at my command;
With servants round to answer calls,
The best in all the land.

I dreamt I ate off golden plates,
With wealth as just a toy;
Myself, the darling of the Fates,
I had but to enjoy.

My slightest wish was gratified,
My least desire fulfilled;
And I, forsooth, was satisfied
To have whate'er I willed.

My subjects would adoring kneel,
Around me, well content—
But then I woke to things more real—
How **could** I pay my rent?

JUNIOR JOYS

(Rose Pelzweig,—'18.)

I can sit and study hours, and can concentrate and pore,
But as soon as I have ended, I perceive I must do more;
I can try to please my teachers, with a hope of A's or E's,
But as soon as grades are given, I observe I get all P's

I can gather all the data from the books that I have read,
But as soon as I must give it, it's escaped from out my head;
I can be a perfect Angel, when I'm guarded in a trench,
But as soon as I start talking, I am told to take the bench.

I can simplify equations, and can prove some theorems, too;
I can stumble through my Virgil, when it isn't hard to do;
But as soon as I must study, without chance of rest or breath,
Then to quote great Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or death."

Now I ask you quite directly, is it right for me to work,
When without much hesitation I would much prefer to shirk?
But the rule is strict and heartless, and to change it—well, they won't—
You must think now that I study—but, to tell the truth, I don't!

SENIOR
JUNIOR
FRESHIE
J. Watt Jr.

The Sophomore Directory

Class Officers

John Watt . . . . . President
Edward White . . . . . Vice-President
Herbert Stephens . . . . Secretary-Treasurer

Faculty Advisers

Mr. Malott Mrs. Edson

Social Council

Louise Baade Elmer Wilkins Helen Warner

Class Colors—Green and White

Class Yell

Rah, rah, White;
Rah, rah, Green;
Fort Wayne High;
Nineteen.

Caldron Reporters

Olga Sihler Fletcher Hall

CLASS OFFICIALS
SOPHOMORE CLASS OF 1919
EDWARD WHITE
VICE-PRESIDENT
MRS. EDSON
FACULTY ADVISOR
HERBERT STEPHENS
SECRETARY-TREASURER
JOHN WATT
PRESIDENT
MR. MALOTT
FACULTY ADVISOR
ELMER WILKENS
SOCIAL
COUNCIL
HELEN WARNER
LOUISE BAADE

Sophomore Class History

(John Watt)

When we timidly entered the High School in 1915 we were as green as the freshies who had preceded us but soon climbed to a higher rung of the ladder in school life.

About three weeks after the opening of the semester, with the help of the Juniors, we elected Doc Myer President, Erna Bruns Vice-President, John Watt Secretary-Treasurer. Harry Keller, Bessie Banks and Louise Baade were chosen as social council representatives and Mr. Tyner and Miss Williams as faculty advisers, piloted our class to success. We chose green and white for class colors.

We began our social career with a party at Unity hall. There were two hundred present. We played games, danced, finally ate, and then had our pictures taken.

The last half of our Class finally came in February and we held another party, this time at the school. It was even a better success than the other, there being about two hundred and fifty present. We had an entertainment in the Auditorium and prizes were given. Then we played games and finally had refreshments. These two social events put us on the map.

As we were Sophs the next year, we were fully able to carry on our own affairs. When the smoke of election was cleared away, John Watt had been elected President, Edward White Vice-President, and Herb Stevens Secretary-Treasurer. Helen Warner, Louise Baade and Elmer Wilkens represented our social council and Mr. Mallot and Mrs. Edson were chosen to guide our Class, which they did successfully. Pins were soon selected and after that everything was quiet for awhile.

Finally we held a large party at the school. About one hundred and fifty were there. A mock trial was held in the Auditorium and after that games were played and then refreshments were served.

Our second party was also successful. An interesting indoor track meet was held in the lower hall, but no records were broken. Incidentally Alfred Weil carried off individual honors with three firsts to his credit. The famous Agony Quartette was there to render music and everybody danced. Games were played and then refreshments served. Every party we have held has been a decided success and we hope that our Junior and Senior years will run as smoothly and as well as our Freshmen and Sophomore years did.

P. S.: Edward White certainly deserves a lot of credit for his part or parts in the indoor track meet. He was clerk of the course, timer, referee, starter, judge at finish, field judge and reporter.

Sophomore Athletics

Bowling

Last fall after it was certain that no foot ball would be permitted, bowling was taken up by a few enthusiastic Sophs,'' as something to pass away the idle moments between three and six o'clock. The result was that a class bowling team was organized with such material as White, Wilkens, Watt, Stephens and Price. Our first match was with the Juniors. After the second game it looked like the ''Sophs'' were sure to cop, but luck was not with us and because of a very poor third game, on our part, the Juniors won by nearly 100 pins.

Next came the Seniors. They seemed very cocky and sure of victory, and we let them harbor their belief for we had no hopes whatsoever of taking them down. After the rolling was all over and the scores were added up it was found that the ''Sophs'' would have easily won if we had only been ''hitting 'em right,'' and gotten 400 more pins.

One consolation, however, is that we defeated the Freshmen by several hundred pins. It was not much of a match, though, as the balls nearly carried the frail freshmen down the alleys with them, and the ''gutter ball'' was unquestionably popular amongst them.

Basket Ball

The Sophomores were well represented in all branches of athletics this year. The basket ball team, under the able coaching of Mr. Northrup, won fourteen out of its seventeen games by large scores. A large number of men reported for the try-outs and from them the team, composed of Brouwer, Lachot, maier, Haddox, and Wilkens, were selected. In February, Waterfield showed up for practice and made a place at guard, which position he held down in fine style. Lachot and Brouwer starred at forward, and in the future should hold down these position on the varsity. Maier and Haddox held down the guard positions exceedingly well. Wilkens starred at center and his speedy floor work is accountable for the large number of games won. Waterfield was a strong addition to the team and took the guard position previously held by Haddox, who then played sub. The team improved steadily as the season went on, and at its end were going simply great. From the present outlook it seems probable that next year the Sophomore Class will be represented on the Varsity by at least two men.

Track

The majority of the varsity track men were Sophomores. The Sophomore Class was represented on the team by Brouwer, Lachot, Watt and Wilkens.

The nineteens won the inter-class meet held May 8, at Centlivre Park, by running up 35 points, their nearest opponents being the Juniors with 27 points. The Sophomore team was composed of Brouwer, Lachot, Meyers, Mukely, Watt, Waterfield, and Wilkens. Watt and Meyers ran in the sprints, Watt taking first in the fifty, second in the 100, and second in the 220-yard. It is probable that he would have taken first in the 100-yard had he not been set back two yards for jumping the gun.

Lachot and Muckly showed up in fine style in the high jump, taking first and second places respectively. On his first jump in the broad jump Lachot wrenched his knee and had it not been for this accident he undoubtedly would

have taken a place. Waterfield was our only entrance in the half-mile, but on account of a slight charley-horse in his left leg was unable to secure a place. Wilkens proved to be heavy scorer for the "Sophs" by amassing a total of 14 points. He easily took the 440-yard dash, breaking the tape fully ten yards ahead of the closest man. In the pole-vault Wilkens cleared the bar with the ease of a professional, and easily secured first place. He also sprung a surprise by taking second place in the shot-put, it being the first the youngster had ever tried for distance in this event. Watt was second individual high scorer with 12 points to his credit.

E. H. White,—'19.

Girls' Athletics of the Class of 1919

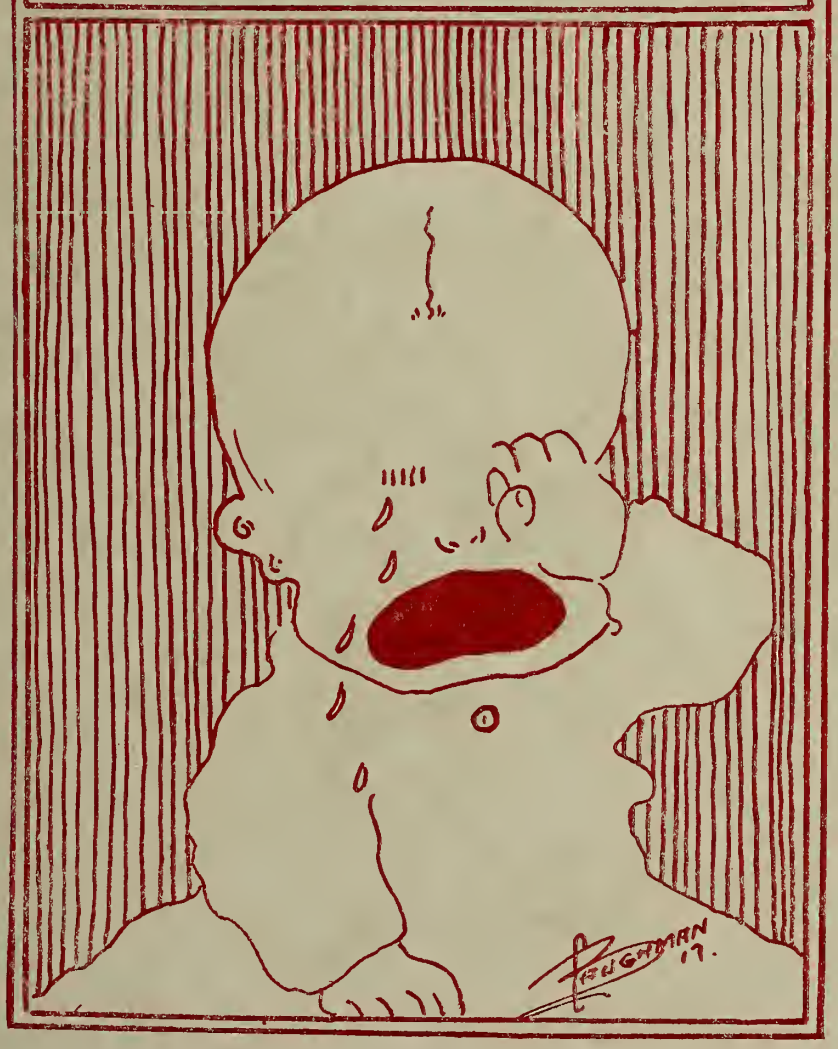
Don't think the Sophomore girls' team is no more, just because we did not have a chance to show our ability this year. We have been in existence ever since we entered High. Soon after we came to High we read a big notice in Room 1 for all girls interested in basket ball. We were very eager to begin and flocked to the Jefferson gym for the first practice.

With the good instructions of Miss Wingert, we progressed very rapidly and made our first appearance against the Sophomore girls, but went down in defeat before the school champions of that year. Later on, after hard practice, and more instructions, we clashed with the Junior girls, but again we were defeated. By this time hope was almost gone until we found out that Freshmen very seldom are victorious. However, we struggled with almost enough girls for four teams. Finally we had one glorious victory over the eighth grade girls of Hanna school and with this we closed our Freshman year of basket ball.

Early in the fall of our Sophomore year we again started to practice, but with the loss of some of our best players. We practiced only a few times, when we noticed that we had very capable substitutes. Just as soon as we found out we were to have St. Paul's gym for practicing, our girls once more responded loyally. We had a regular practice once a week, but did not have much chance to show what we had accomplished as we only played two games—one with the Freshman girls and another with the Second team. We were glorious victors in the first game, although the Freshmen put up a fine defense. We struggled with might and main to conquer the Second team—which had a few of our girls—but our efforts were of no avail, as the game ended and neither side had a point. We also played the Junior team and beat them by one point. With this victory we closed our second year of basket ball, with the hope that next year we might see one or two of our girls playing with the School team.

It was through the patience and good instructions of Miss Wingert and the loyalty of the girls that we were able to accomplish what we did.

FRESHMEN THEIR BOOK



THE FRESHMAN DIRECTORY

CLASS OFFICERS

HOWARD BASH . . . . . PRESIDENT
SARAH GRACE RANDALL . . . . VICE-PRESIDENT
WALKER McCURDY . . . SECRETARY-TREASURER

FACULTY ADVISERS

MR. HERBERT VOORHEES MISS CLARA WILLIAMS

SOCIAL COUNCIL

WILLIAM CARNAHAN ARTHUR BERGHOFF
KATHERYN RAUCH

CLASS COLORS—MAROON AND WHITE

CLASS YELL

YELL, YELL, WE HAVE NO YELL;
BUT WHEN WE YELL, WE YELL LIKE "L."

CALDRON REPORTERS

KATHERYN LOSE WALKER McCURDY

CLASS OFFICIALS
HOWARD BASH
PRESIDENT
MISS WILLIAMS
FACULTY ADVISOR
SARAH GRACE RANDALL
VICE PRESIDENT
WALKER McCURDY
SECRETARY-TREASURER
MR. VOORHEES
FACULTY ADVISOR
FRESHMEN
CLASS of 1920
SOCIAL COUNCIL
ALFRED BERGHOFF
WILLIAM CARNAHAN
KATHRYN RAUCH

1920 CLASS HISTORY

No one can note the superiority of one class over the others, unless they are in the class they think superior, so, we being in the class of nineteen-twenty, readily proves the superiority of our class over all the others. Of course, you know we never brag; oh no, we just naturally state facts. We fear the above statements were made with too much loyalty to our class, and will excuse persons for thinking thus, but we just must give vent to our feelings once in a while.

Everybody knows Howdy Bash, that tall, curly-headed fellow, always wearing a contagious smile, that runner, that chokes the other fellows with his dust at the track meats. He is our President. Sally Randall has shown us why we chose her for Vice President. She presided at our last class party, because Howdy Bash had been a naughty little boy and could not come to our party. We are convinced that she can manage things. Walter McCurdy, our Secretary-Treasurer, has not skipped town as yet with the Class's money. Bill Carnahan, Kate Rauch and Art Berghoff make up the social committee, although they, like the rest of us, are apt to have a touch of laziness once in a while. Mr. Voorhees and Miss Clara Williams, our main pillars, are willingly keeping our Class on its feet. There was a lull in our Class activities until December 8, 1916, but we sure came to the surface and soared to the sky on that date. The attendance and good time records were all broken at this class party. There was another lull and then the crowning victory, our class party the second, given May 29, 1917.

W. D. McC,—'20.

THE GRIND

(With Apologies to Longfellow.)

Under the shelter of Fort Wayne High,
The grinding students sit;
The shark, a steady grind, is he,
Which all, save he, admit,
And the product of his mighty brain,
His honors, never quit.

His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is full of sorrow;
His brain is crammed with learning great,
His lessons for the morrow,
While his ink-stained fingers feebly grasp
The work his neighbors borrow.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear him "reel it off."
You can hear him snap his fingers loud,
When flunkers stop to cough,
And tests stir up in his heart great pride
For the "A's" he gets so oft.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among the boys,
And mentally recites his comp
Amid the din and noise,
And even as the preacher speaks,
His lessons are his joys.

Toiling—rushing—sharking—
Onward through school he goes,
Each morning sees his work go on,
No evening sees its close;
Always attempting, never done,
He gains but slight repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, O High School dear,
For the lessons thou hast taught,
For now his college days are o'er,
His battles all are fought;
He stands behind a push-cart now,
Where frankfurts hot are bought.

THE "FLUNKER"

(More Apologies to Longfellow)

Under the shelter of Fort Wayne High,
  The flunking students sit;
The flunker, a lazy man is he,
  Which all the profs admit,
And the products of his flighty brain,
  Are "P's" that never quit.

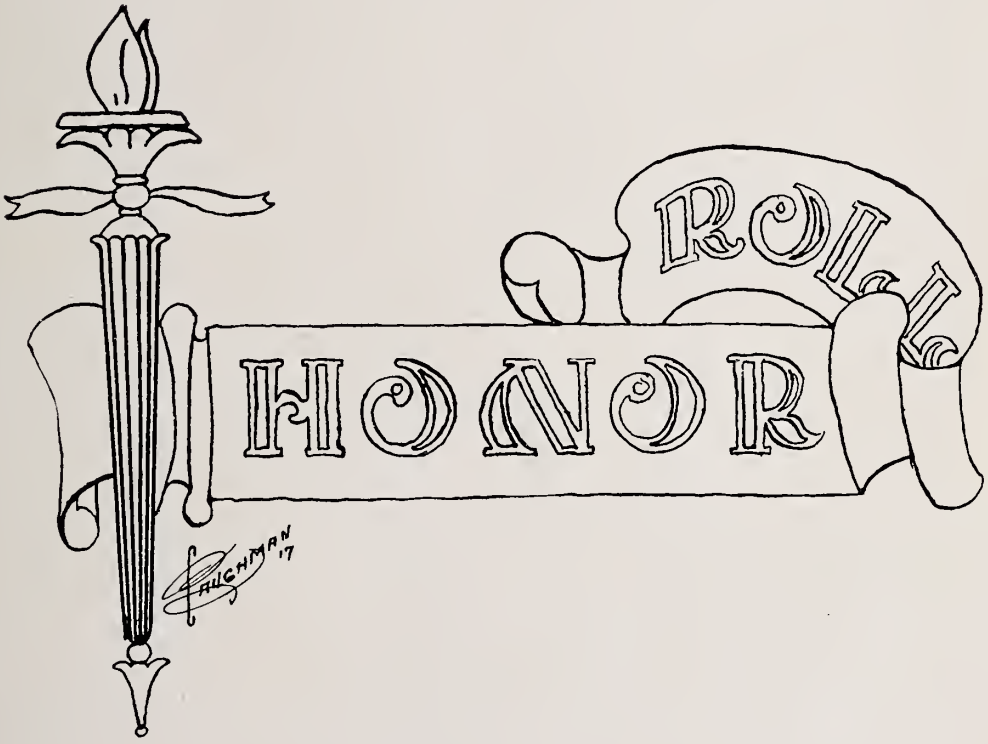
His hair is crisp and brown and short;
  On his face no lines of sorrow;
His brain is void of learning great,
  He's sure to flunk tomorrow;
He doesn't think about his work,
  But trusts that he can borrow.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear him "flunk the prof,"
And when he's called upon in class,
  He's sure to hem and cough.
The only thing he doesn't like
  Is the bench, which he can't get off.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among the crowd;
And when the preacher starts to pray
  He laughs and talks out loud.
And when the sermon's scarce begun
  He's found the Land of Nod.

Flunking—skipping—flunking,
  Onward through school he goes;
No morning sees his work begin,
  Long since he saw it close.
Late to bed, late to rise,
  To chapel he sometimes goes.

Thanks, thanks to thee, O High School dear,
  For granting him his dip.
His High School days at last are o'er,
  Done is his college trip;
He's in the U. S. Senate now,
  With millions in his grip.


ROLL
HONOR
HAUGHMAN '17

HONOR ROLL

The following students secured at least 4 A's or E's for the month closing May 24th:

1917—
Hudson, Georgiana .....2A's—3E's
Rogier, Elizabeth .....2A's—3E's
Tarletz, Cecelia .....3A's—1E

1918—
Beierlein, Karl .....4A's—1E
Bitner, Esther .....2A's—3E's
Black, Margie ..... 5E's
Clapsattle, Clifton .....1A —3E's
Evard, Ethel ..... 4E's
Gross, Victoria .....4A's—1E
Hunt, Clarence .....2A's—2E's
Jackson, Edward .....3A's—2E's
King, James .....3A's—2E's
Laudeman, Fern .....3A's—3E's
Longsworth, Edith .....1A —3E's
Phipps, Laura .....2A's—3E's
Schwehn, Hilda ..... 4E's
Shoaff, Kate .....3A's—3E's
Shulze, Dorothy .....4A's—1E
Thomson, Earl .....1A —3E's
Wiggert, Hilda .....1A —3E's
Wilkens, Alice ..... 4E's
Winters, Erma .....2A's—2E's
Stopher, Helen .....3A's—3E's

1919:
Ashley, Charles .....3A's—1E
Bosch, Paul .....1A —5E's
Corey, Dorothy ..... 4E's
Crane, Geo. .....3A's—2E's
Dixon, Naomi .....3A's—1E
Gerberding, Flora .....1A —4E's
Gieser, John .....3A's—2E's
Hall, Fletcher .....3A's—4E's
Jackson, Katherine .....3A's—3E's
Lachot, Noble .....1A —3E's
Meyer, Romaine .....1A —4E's
Owen, Estella .....4A's
Rippe, Florence ..... 4E's
Shaffer, Mabel ..... 4E's
Schaffer, Maude .....2A's—2E's
Sihler, Olga .....1A —3E's
Travers, Frank .....2A's—3E's
Umbach, Marie .....4A's—4E's
VanAlstine, Grace .....1A —3E's
White, Edward ..... 4E's
Murray, Marion .....4A's—2E's

1920 (February)—
Bentz, Beatrice .....1A —3E's
Frederick, Elizabeth ....1A —4E's
Heine, Wilhelmina .....1A —5E's
Kibiger, Louis .....1A —4E's
Kibiger, Louise .....3A's—4E's
Knauer, Frieda .....5A's—1E
Rapp, Helen .....1A —3E's
Ross, Evelyn .....4A's—1E
Trautman, Frieda .....2A's—2E's

1920 (June)—
Baum, Helen Ruth ..... 4E's
Christopher, Bonita .....1A —3E's
Cothrell, Harold .....2A's—2E's
Eaton, Mary .....2A's—2E's
Erwin, James .....1A —4E's
Evans, Richard .....1A —3E's
Ferris, Imogene ..... 4E's
Freeman, Isabelle .....1A —3E's
Harlan, Mary ..... 5E's
Helmke, Walter .....2A's—4E's
Hudson, Ellen .....4A's—1E
Irmscher, Martha .....3A's—4E's
Kammeier, Hilda .....1A —3E's
Karns, George ..... 4E's
Keegan, Margaret Ann .. 4E's
King, Marjorie ..... 4E's
Knauer, Hans .....4A's—1E
Lose, Kathryn .....1A —3E's
Mariotte, Georgiana ....3A's—1E
Mikesell, Helen .....2A's—3E's
Pfeiffer, Gertrude .....2A's—5E's
Revert, Gladys .....1A —4E's
Scott, Helen N. .....1A —3E's
Simminger, Margaret ... 5E's
Spaid, Orion ..... 4E's
Stine, Harriet .....1A —5E's
Trier, Emma .....1A —4E's
Wager, Lucile ..... 4E's
Welch, Bertha .....2A's—3E's
Wolf, Dorothy ..... 4E's

Ackerman, Anita .....1A —3E's
Brueckner, Helen .....2A's—4E's
Eninger, Harold .....1A —3E's
Guyer, Ruth .....2A's—2E's
Homan, Carol .....3A's—4E's
Ricke, Senora ..... 7E's
Salon, Fannie .....3A's—4E's
Wilson, Gertrude ..... 4E's

Those not below G underscored in any subjeet:

1917—
Barnett, Van
Boseh, Amelia
Davidson, Gladys
Elder, Joy
Flaig, Esther
Freiburger, Helen
Kinney, Harold
Polhamus, William
Tagtmeyer, Carl
Welty, Ivan
Witmer, Safara

1918—
Ferguson, Clair
Frame, Mae
Heller, Eugene
Lapp, Paul
Larimore, Agnes
Miller, Marie
Mueller, Hilda
Smith, Lillian
Wooding, Earl

1919—
Birson, Gladys
Brueckner, Kent
Carter, Herbert
Chambers, Katherine
Coburn, Roseoe
Crawford, Helen
Ellingham, Miller
Entrodaeher, Ruth
Goldberger, Alex
Hateh, Irene
Ingham, Meribal
Koons, George
Newingham, Gladys
Riley, Agnes
Sehwehn, Gertrude
Shroyer, Ethel
Warren, Paul

1920 (February)—
Barthold, Marian
Clapesattle, Lueile
Coxon, Viola
Endinger, Adria
Harris, Sarah
Hilgeman, Loretta
Johnston, Berniee
Randall, Sarah Graee
Russell, Franees

1920 (June)—
Fairchild, Faith
Foree, Margaret
Funk, Madge
Kiefer, Hugh
Miller, Helen
Pollak, Robert
Renfro, Lulu
Strieder, Leola
Taylor, Von

Bashara, Amelia
Day, Ralph
Dean, Howard
Garner, Gladys
Kammeyer, Edna
Longsworth, Marian
MeConnell, Gaynell
Pfeiffer, Mildred
Sehele, Edward
Shrader, Thelma
Urbahns, Elizabeth
Van Every, Robert
Wager, Eileen
Winebrenner, Pauline
Thieme, Virginia

TABLE FOR FIGURING PERCENTAGES

Grade.	1	2	3	4	5
A +	99	198	297	396	495
A	97	194	291	388	485
A —	95	190	285	380	475
E +	94	188	282	376	470
E	92	184	276	368	460
E —	90	180	270	360	450
G +	87	174	261	348	435
$\overline{G}$	85	170	255	340	425
$\overline{G}$ —	83	166	249	332	415
$\overline{G}$ +	80	160	240	320	400
G	75	150	225	300	375
G —	70	140	210	280	350

Record of A's and E's made by the twenty-five leading students of the Senior Class of 1917, during the four years of study:

1.	Georgiana Hudson	15 A's	19 E's
2.	Elizabeth Rogier	11 A's	24 E's
3.	Carl Rothert	14 A's	23 E's
4.	Harold Kinney	11 A's	21 E's
5.	Cecelia Tarletz	4 A's	24 E's
6.	Esther Flaig	3 A's	25 E's
7.	LeMoine Stump	3 A's	21 E's
8.	Mary Kinerk	1 A	23 E's
9.	Frances Miller	4 A's	12 E's
10.	Edna Smith	5 A's	13 E's
11.	Mary Williams	3 A's	18 E's
12.	Van Barnett	3 A's	14 E's
13.	Carl Tagtmeyer	3 A's	12 E's
14.	Ercie Owen	3 A's	10 E's
15.	William Polhamus	2 A's	15 E's
16.	Ivan Welty	3 A's	9 E's
17.	Gladys Hadley		13 E's
18.	Elsie Kinerk	3 A's	7 E's
19.	Forest Luce	1 A	12 E's
20.	Wilhelmina Morriss	1 A	8 E's
21.	Maurice Lindemuth	1 A	12 E's
22.	Agnes MacNaughton		11 E's
23.	Lowell Miles		10 E's
24.	William Morris		10 E's
25.	Safara Witmer	1 A	6 E's

Explanation of Above Table.

The grades of the first twenty-five ranking students are term grades during the four years. The table above gives the value of each grade for subjects of one to five hours. Subjects of more than five hours a week are counted as having five hours only. If you have your report cards, or a record of your grades for the four years, you can easily find your percent, as follows:

Take each term's grades at a time. Use the table above for convenience. Take each subject and see what grade you got in that subject. Then look on the table and see, in column one, what value that grade has. Then multiply that value by the number of hours of the subject a week, or, rather, just consult the table again for the answer, and write down the answer for each subject for the one term. Now add these answers, and divide by the number of hours a week—that's your percentage.

Or, in other words, say you took Composition, Physics and History in your 11B term. Your grades for Physics was G+, for Composition E, and for History A. Physics is considered as a five hour subject, and you see G+ is worth 80 (column one.) Now the 80 is multiplied by 5, which you see from column 5 gives 400. Likewise Composition, having only one hour, gives 92 for the E, and History, with its four hours time, 97 (the value of A) gives 388. Adding 400, 92 and 388, you have 880. Dividing by 10, the number of hours per week, you obtain your percentage, which is 88%. This is for one term. Now do this for all eight terms and average your percentages—and there you have it! The table above is merely to save you the trouble of multiplying the value of the grade by the number of hours a week carried.

ORGANIZATIONS
F. V. E. S.

To How Many of These Do You Belong?

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Departed this Life

The Glee Club, on the night of April the sixth, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seventeen, of protracted exposure. On the morning following the sad event the weeping President announced the death to the now grief-stricken Director and he believed the executive, and as a result the beloved organization is now only a memory.

The particulars of this doleful occurrence are simple, yet nevertheless more sorrowful. The first of the sickness occurred five weeks before the demise, when the members found a parent-teachers club meeting in possession of the Auditorium. Not only this time was the tender Society forced out into the cold night, but every remaining week of its short life. The members were not cowards who would silently permit their rights to be trampled upon. But it was the parent-teacher's club, our mothers; or the Friendship Club, our lady friends—and the members were gentlemen. After gradually sinking for five weeks, the lingering club was asked to sing at the Bloomington Oratorical Contest. It responded bravely, but the effort was too great for the weakened body, and amidst the tears of the whole school it left this vale of tears and entered the pearly gates.

The deceased has no surviving relatives and the property is left to the school. To a future society is bequeathed a splendid collection of music, illustrating the earliest stages of the greatest art. To the members is left a broad experience and training in music, and to the school, sweet memories of three faultless performances.

"Requiescat in pace."

Rose Pelzweig
Vice President
Sept.-Feb.
Historian
Feb.-June

Olga Sihler
Chairman
Executive
Committee
Feb.-June

Estella Owen
Treasurer
Sept.-June

Hilda Schwehn
President
Sept.-June

Miss Anna Todd
Founder and
Faculty Advisor

Victoria Gross
Critic, Sept.-Feb.
Secretary
Feb.-June

Marie Miller
Secretary
Sept.-Feb.
Vice President
Feb.-June

Wilhelmina
Morriss
Chairman
Executive
Committee
Sept.-Feb.

The Sorosis Society

(Rose Pelzweig,—'18.)

That the Sorosis Literary Society has had an unusually successful year is shown by the large membership which the organization enjoys. Add to that advantage a high degree of contagious enthusiasm, originality, and the so-called spizerectum, and you who are mathematically inclined can readily perceive the favorable result.

The programs planned by the efficient officers throughout the year have been exceedingly interesting and entertaining, as they consisted mainly of musical numbers, readings, discussions of current topics, extemporaneous speaking, debates, dabbling in the intricacies of parliamentary law, amateur acting, and other features in moderate quantities, and at moderate intervals. Notable among the events of the year was the widely advertised Sorosis Vaudeville, presented free-for-nothing-gratis to the appreciative High School mob, ranging from the sedately sagacious Senior to the flippantly frisky Freshman. The Sorosis Masquerade Party, held in the Y. W. gym at Hallowe'en (we cannot help but think retrospectively of the doughnuts, cider and pumpkin pie) was hailed as the jolliest affair of its kind ever pulled off by the Society, while the Sorosis-Platonian party, given by the latter organization some time in May—which merely illustrates the principle of reciprocity—was highly enjoyed and appreciated.

Although the Society does not, in the least, claim to be a Ladies' Uplift Guild, it has enabled its members to acquire some degree of self-possession, and a great amount of self-reliance. Executive ability, dramatic talent, and oratorical facility, which formerly lay dormant, have been brought to light, developed and become beneficial to the possessor. And so, not only does the Sorosis promote these natural attributes, but it also fosters a tendency towards social intercourse and activity, and cultivates an invaluable spirit of co-operation and democracy.

The members of the Society are:

Hilda Schwehn, Rose Pelzweig, Marie Miller, Victoria Gross, Estella Owen, Wilhelmina Morriss, Olga Sihler, Bess Banks, Marian Barthold, Edith Breedan, Eugenia Chambers, Dorothy Corey, Mable Cone, Helen Crawford, Esther Deister, Naomi Dixon, Ethel Evard, Mable Figel, Rudisill Freeman, Katherine Jackson, Helen Jones, Margaret Kook, Madlyn Lighthill, Viola Long, Edith Logansport, Elizabeth Lowry, Catharine Merica, Grace Misner, Valerie Mohler, Marion Murry, Leora Mulligan, Ethel Peterson, La Nice Porter, Evelyn Ross, Ether Schild, Kate Shoaff, Cecelia Tarletz, Helen Stopher, Marie Umbach, Lucille Walters, Thekla Wermuth, Virginia Wood, Mary Woodhull.

Hilda Swehn
Vice President
Feb.-June

Joseph Underhill
Treasurer
Sept.-June

Ivan Welty
President
Feb.-June
Vice President
Sept.-Feb.

Karl Beierlein
Secretary
Sept.-June

Carl Rothert
President
Sept.-Feb.

Mathematics Club

(Karl M. Beierlein.)

Since its founding three years ago by Mr. Werremeyer, the Mathematics Club has experienced great growth, and has established itself as one of the chief organizations of the school. Owing to the good programs and delicious eats, the Club has aroused much interest, and has enjoyed a year successful in all respects.

A gratifying number of would-be members and graduates as well as old members, were present at the first meeting, whose chief business was the election of officers. Those chosen to conduct the business for the first term were: Carl Rothert, President; Ivan Welty, Vice-President; Karl Beierlein, Secretary; and Joseph Underhill, Treasurer. The President appointed the entertainment and refreshment committees, and to them the Club is indebted for the lively programs and good eats enjoyed throughout the first term.

After this semester of unrivaled success and progress because of the interest shown by the faculty as well as the students, the second semester with its accompanying election came round. Ivan Welty received the presidential position. He has been assisted through the second term by Hilda Schwehn, Vice-President; Karl Beierlein, Secretary; Joseph Underhill, Treasurer, and the social and program committees. At the suggestion of Mr. Werremeier, who has continued to be the leader of the Club, appropriate pins were procured. A precedent was established this year by giving a very successful picnic at Foster Park, instead of holding the last regular meeting. This event will, undoubtedly, become an annual affair.

In attendance, interest, social and educational advantages, the Math. Club can scarcely be surpassed by any other organization of the school. It is the only club that serves to promote better feeling between the students and faculty and bring them into the proper understanding of each other. With a bright past, the Math. Club stands on the brink of a brilliant future, when new members and returning old members will assemble to carry on the good work of the club, and propagate good feeling and friendship in our high school.

Platonian Literary Society

(Harold D. C. Kinney.)

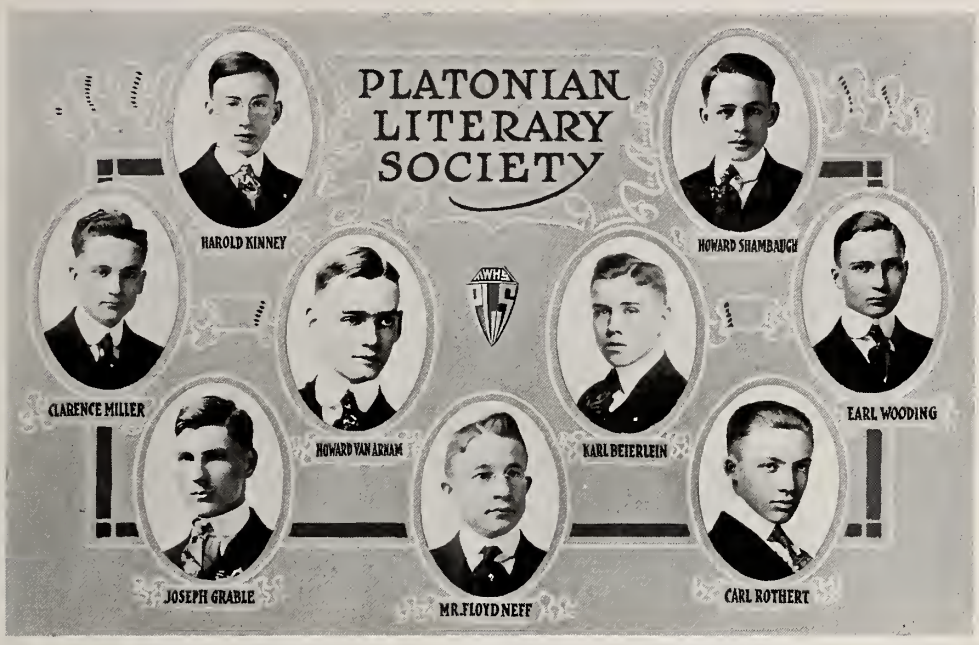
The Platonian Literary Society is the most firmly established, most successful organization of the Fort Wayne High School. This statement is more than an empty dream, a fragil bubble ready to explode, or in short, a bold assertion. One need only glance at the history of Debating and Oratory, as given elsewhere in this Annual, to see that it can't be much of an exaggeration, if any. Seriously. the statement will hold water—it is not an idle boast.

If you have read the article on Oratory and Debating, you will see that it is the Platonian Literary Society which has fostered the large amount of debating the School has enjoyed recently. In conjunction with the Platonian Literary Society, there has been a debating class this last semester, which has met weekly to study debating. To this class belonged twelve Platonians—the number being limited, of course, for many more desired to "get in on" this. And the happy part of it is that no credit was given by the School for the work. For despite the seemingly indifferent attitude of the School, there are a goodly number who are not to be "downed" in their attempts to have debating a regular, credited course in the F. W. H. S.

After a year of successfully staged debates, it seems that we are to see the study of this subject put on a credit basis, as it should be. It may be too late to establish the course next September, owing to the change that would have to be made in many programs. But at least, Mr. Ward promises to have everything in running order by February. So at last the chief aim of the Platonians has been reached!

Although the Platonians have been rather busy with debates, however, they have not let debates interfere with their regular meetings. Until we do have a regular debating course, the only way to offset that lack of training in public speaking is by constant practice at our meetings. The Platonians meet in the Auditorium or in Room 22 every two weeks, on Thursday afternoons, at the close of school. The membership remains around thirty-five and forty boys—a number which it is hoped to increase next year. Naturally, we could have many more members, but the idea is not to get a big number of members; it is rather to have as many interested, live, energetic, dependable members as possible—quality, you know, before quantity. We are always glad to receive new members, and it is very seldom that any applicant has failed to receive the necessary two-thirds vote for membership in the Society. There have not been more than half a dozen refusals in the three years of the Society's existence.

During the last year the meetings have been taken up mostly by the Legislature—either National or State, as was deemed advisable for certain types of bills introduced. The reason so much time has been given to legislation is that in this kind of meeting, training in every desired phase is received—not only training in public speaking, but also in parliamentary drill. By combining these two things into the Legislature, the meetings are made doubly interesting. And the training is not theoretical training, as is most high school work; it is practical, every inch of it! From puny little fellows who quiver in their boots at the mere thought of oral composition, dozens of members have come out of the Society as confident, well developed, interesting speakers, ready to do their part in the civil life they are soon to enter,



Clarence Miller
President
Sept.-Feb.
Reporter
Feb.-June

Harold Kinney
President
Feb.-June

Joseph Grable
Chairman
Executive
Committee
Feb.-June

Howard
Van Arnam
Secretary
Sept.-June

Karl Beierlein
Treasurer
Feb.-June

Mr. Floyd Neff
Faculty Advisor

Howard
Shambaugh
Vice President
Feb.-June
Reporter
Sept.-Feb.

Carl Rothert
Treasurer
Sept.-Feb.

Earl Wooding
Vice Pres.
Sept.-Feb.

ever ready to take a leading part in any emergency, and unafraid to take the chairmanship at any time at any kind of meeting.

That is what the Platonians are for! That is what they have succeeded in doing! The Platonian Literary Society stands for a more enjoyable, less monotonous high school life; for a better trained graduate than the School has yet turned out; for a better training for pupils to enter life with; for confidant, well trained public speakers and educators; and above all, for a better, more perfect, nobler, happier, interested citizenship for our Country, the United States.

To this end does the Platonian Literary Society strive; to this end have certain Platonians dedicated their high school life; to this end has Mr. Neff struggled and done all in his power to make the Platonian Literary Society what it should be in the Fort Wayne High School. We feel, all of us, that we have succeeded, for which Mr. Neff receives the thanks of the Society.

The Friendship Club

The Friendship Club organized in September, 1916, is composed of three original clubs formed the preceding year. This combination forms a strong, large club, of which the following are the officers: President, Elsie Kinerk; Vice-President, Dorothy Shulze; Secretary, Freida Knauer. The club advisors are Misses Mary Harrah, Eva Wingert, Elizabeth Gardener, Lucile House, and Esther Miller, and the Girls' Work Secretary, Maude Gwinn.

The cabinet is composed of the officers and the chairman of the four committees, into which the club is divided. These chairmen are Hilda Schwehn, Membership; Olga Sihler, Social; Dorothy Shulze, Service; and Mary Woodhull, Program. Each committee is composed of ten active members, with additional auxiliary members, thus making it possible for each girl to belong to a committee.

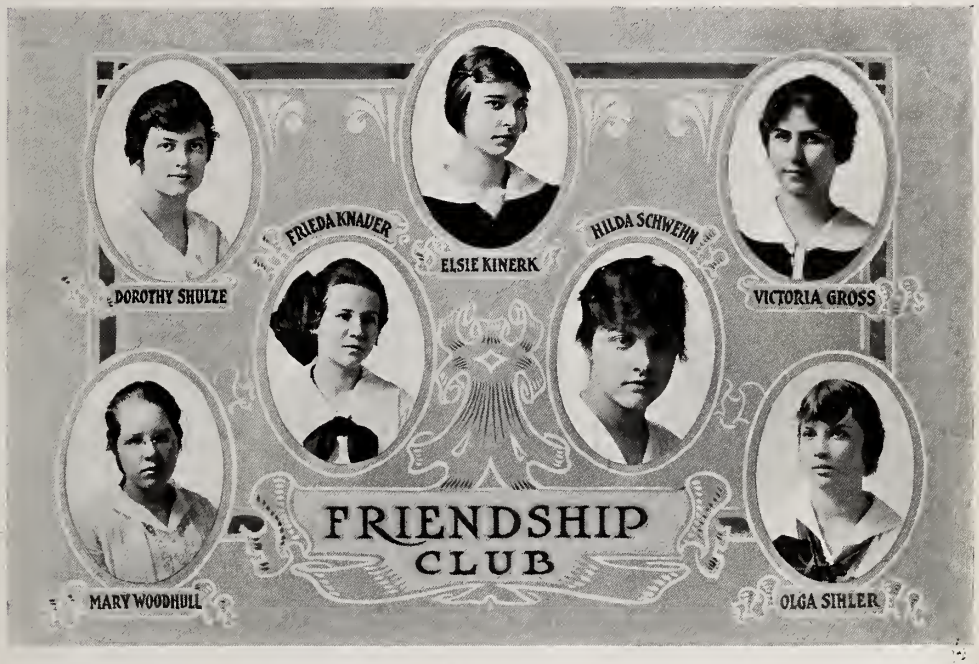
This club stands, first of all, for friendship, and to this ideal it has measured in all its undertakings. It also stands for loyalty, honor, co-operation, and studentship, which are expressed in the Club Honor Roll, worked out by club members and advisors.

If it is true that a busy organization is a successful one, we may call ours successful. During the latter part of the first semester we conducted a membership contest, by which we increased our membership to 165.

The Service Committee superintends and plans most of our outside activities, although every member is responsible for carrying out these plans. Our most recent undertaking is Red Cross work, which we have been able to take part in by giving up our regular club programs. We meet at the Y. W. C. A. once each week to sew and knit; this work also includes knitting for the Navy League. In addition to this, the Service Committee is making scrapbooks for children in the hospitals.

The programs of our general meetings are planned as a means of entertainment, education, and inspiration. They include talks by outside speakers as well as general discussions by the members themselves. Opportunities have been offered, too, for us to be introduced to the musical talent in the club. The most recent attempt of this kind is the organization of a Glee club, which meets each week at the Y. W. C. A. for an hour of strenuous work. We hope that this will become a permanent part of our Friendship Club.

"All work and no play," however, would be a poor motto for any club, and we are glad that ours includes much play. Through the efforts of the Social Committee our parties have been decided successes. One of the most enjoyable was the occasion when we entertained our parents with a "Stunt Program" in the Y. W. C. A. gymnasium. As for the recent hike to New Haven, every feature of it spelled fun —even tired feet failed to interfere with our good time. And now we are looking forward to the final event of the year, the big open-air meeting and picnic, when the Honor Roll is to be read and the newly-elected officers installed. These officers are: President, Victoria Gross; Vice-President, Hilda Schwehn; Secretary, Frieda Knauer; and Treasurer, Kate Shoaff. Beatrice Bentz will continue as pianist.



Dorothy Shulze
Vice-President and Service Committee

Frieda Knauer
Secretary

Mary Woodhull
Program Committee

Elsie Kinerk
President

Hilda Schwehn
Membership Committee

Olga Sihler
Social Committee Chairman
Executive Committee Sept.-Feb.

Victoria Gross
Treasurer

Fort Wayne Radio Association

(DeWitt W. May.)

Although the Fort Wayne Radio Association is not recognized as a school organization, it is, however, mostly composed of students or graduates of this school. In fact, one of our most beloved professors, Mr. G. Carter (recently resigned as physics instructor), was the real booster of the Club and its progress. It was he who pioneered the art of wireless telegraphy in Fort Wayne. He built the first wireless station in Fort Wayne—here in our own High School. He was practically alone in the wireless game of Fort Wayne, but his work inspired others. And so, little by little, pupils of his, and others, joined the fascinating art of wireless telegraphy. Mr. Carter, through his ever-welcome information and encouragement, led us all through the countless discouragement that come up in wireless. The ever-crashing spark of the wireless infected others until there was started, about one and one-half or two years ago, a club of "radio boys" (if I may use wireless terms), with Mr. G. Carter as President.

It was only natural that a club was formed, as various operators became friends "through the air" and others have a curious desire to see what the other one at his key looks like. And also, the ever-increasing number of stations about the city make it necessary to organize and regulate the time of talking, so as to allow everyone a fair chance to talk. Not only regulation of time but prevention of mixups is very necessary. When together, the aim became "the study of wireless telegraphy and the minimizing of interference."

The first desire of the Club was taken care of by having the various members prepare talks on the different apparatus and having them give these at our semi-monthly meetings. The talks most enjoyed were given by Mr. Carter. And we enjoyed them not merely because they were so instructive and interesting, but rather because of the manner in which Mr. Carter gave them—not as a teacher, or a person knowing more about the subject than any other person in the city and indeed the state, but as a personal friend and chum. The Club with one accord expresses its thanks for the many things he has done for us.

Our second purpose was the most difficult undertaking we had to contend with, that of lessening interference. In fact, it is the greatest problem of every radio organization in the United States. We have been at it so hard that one who g r m's (interferes) is no more respected than a thief. And this he is. It is time and pleasure he robs us of; for is it not pleasure to converse with one in another part of the United States, or is he not taking up valuable time from one who has many messages to deliver across the country? Yes, we old ones at it despise these "ether robbers," as we express it.

To help matters, a Q. R. M. committee was elected to report such "crimes" and then they were dealt with. If we could not help matters, we informed them that the laws of the United States attached heavy penalties to these violations. Who does all this, you ask? Well, for the most part, "those that know no better," or the beginners. Not all beginners are this way, however.

Contrary to our rather hateful thoughts and wishes, we became sympathetic and decided to let them in the Club, with the purpose in mind of teaching them by kindly working for

them and instructing them instead of by the "whip" method. To this spring we divided into two classes, one the Seniors and the other the Juniors. The former were those having wireless experience of over one year and consequently the more advanced. The latter were new members having a receiving set in good working order. With regrets we did not have a good chance to fully see the effects of this plan, but the moral effect will remain through this "lull in the storm," to break out with increasing energy when again organized after the war. And so we have been at it trying to advance the art of wireless until the declaration of war put an end to amateur wireless.

Just as every club has its banquets and good times as a change from their mighty endeavors, so it was not unusual for us to have ours. And what is a club without its eats once in a while? We have enjoyed two banquets this year. The first one was held last spring. It was indeed a fine affair and well attended as then we had reached a large membership—all very enthusiastic "men of the key." It was something to be remembered!

Our last banquet, held this winter, was a memorable one, as perhaps it will be the last good time this organization will have, for who knows what war will bring about? Nevertheless we are hoping it will not be our last. This banquet was a farewell sendoff to Mr. Carter, our President. It was the last time we were all together with him. After the banquet, each member arose in turn and expressed regrets for losing Mr. Carter, but nevertheless wished him success at his new work. It was then that each one comprehended the seriousness of our loss. But so it is with all good things.

We then decided to make a visit to him in Detroit next summer in a body, but the war will doubtless change these plans.

When the war claimed five members we decided to postpone meetings. The above picture shows us at our last meeting. They are, from left to right: Mr. R. Coats, Professor of Physics; A. Neiswonger, C. Cornish, who did successful work with Station 9KG and who joined the Cavalry; J. Underhill, R.

Evans, F. Hall our Treasurer, R. Blitz, R. Parnin our Vice-President and a long distance worker of 9TA who has joined the Cavalry, D. W. May our Secretary and a successful long distance worker with 9UH, R. Burns who joined Company B Signal Corp, L. H. Herrmann a successful worker with 9EL, and E. Erickson operator of 9UM and who joined the Cavalry. Those not in the picture are: G. Baum, who joined the Naval Wireless Reserve, and who has been our best long distance worker with 9VY, second only to the High School, 9PC, and L. C. Young, who operated 9PC with Mr. Carter.

RADIOGRAM

msg via 9ta, 9uh, af, 9hg, 9vy, 9el, 9um, 9am, 9wa, rw, rb, re, jw, fld.

Fort Wayne, Ind., June, 1917.

To Mr. G. W. Carter,
Detroit, Mich.

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HISTORY OF THE F. W. H. S. CADET CORPS

The Cadet Corps of the Fort Wayne High School was organized through the interest and influence of Willard Moellering, who presented the proposition of instituting a military course in the High School, to the School Board at one of its May meetings in 1916. The School Board heard the proposition with great interest, knowing that it would be of great benefit, and after due consideration granted him the privilege of organizing the Corps and promised him the extent of its help. Moellering, with the aid of Capt. G. Byroade, immediately set to work securing the enrollment of cadets. About 180 High School boys volunteered within a week's time and on April 19th, 1916, the first meeting of the Corps was held in the auditorium. At this meeting Capt. Byroade gave the recruits an interesting talk, in which he thoroughly explained the intentions and benefits of such an organization. This was the first of the Corps and Capt. Byroade and Moellering, with the aid of a few commissioned officers of the Concordia College, soon had the Cadets worked into fine shape. The Corps made its first public appearance in the Memorial Day parade of the same year. The Corps was a surprise to the public and an improvement for the High School. The cadet commanders for the first year were O. Sihler (appointed Major), and C. W. Moellering (appointed first lieutenant and battalion adjutant); the remaining officers and non-commissioned officers were selected by Capt. Byroade from the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes according to their efficiency. The Corps closed its first season's work in June and although the military work was new to the officers as well as the privates, the Corps as a whole was a grand success. The Corps was reorganized shortly after school oened in September, the day of reorganization being the 2nd of October, 1916. During this short period of time the Corps did some very successful work, until cold weather set in and the Corps was forced to abandon drills, as there was no place where indoor drill could be held. After the school authorities had witnessed these two successful attempts to make Military Science an interesting part of the High School boys' work, they became much more interested and urged its continuance, signifying their willingness to extend all efforts toward its welfare. So with the encouragement of the School Board and Prof. Ward, Captain Byroade and Moellering again began the enrollment of Cadets for this year. After about two weeks enlistment the Corps was again organized with an enrollment of 200 boys. Drills were immediately resumed and after the corps had drilled for about three weeks the following promotions were announced by Capt. Byroade:

The Staff.

Major.....C. Willard Moellering, '18
1st Lieut. and Batt. Adjt.....
.....Roland Apfelbaum, '17
Quartermaster.....Keneth Keegan, '17
Sergeant Major..Harold Gamrath, '17
Color Sergeant.....Ralph Wilkens, '18
Quartermaster Sergeant .....
..... N. Stiles, '18
Head Trumpeter...Earl Wooding, '18

Commissioned Officers.

N. Prentiss, Capt. Co. A.
Wm. Morris, Capt. Co. B.
J. Grable, Capt. Co. C.
M. Duembling, Capt. Co. D.
L. Morton, 1st Lieut. Co. A.
J. Hattery, 1st Lieut. Co. B.
H. Scott, 1st Lieut. Co. C.
I. Field, 1st Lieut. Co. D.

These officers and non-commissioned officers are to be much complimented for the success of this year lies mostly

with them, as very little outside help could be tendered to the Corps on account of the national conditions. This organization has made more progress during its short existence than any other society or organization in school, and further progress was only hindered by national conditions, for the government is in need of all equipment on hand. This is the reason the Corps could not secure rifles and it is hoped that by next year the government will be able to furnish all necessary equipment for the betterment of the Corps. It is believed that next year Military Science will be introduced into the High School as an elective subject and that academic credits will be given to students taking the course. This would be one of the best moves ever made toward the betterment of school spirit and necessarily betterment of our school. It is also probable that each boy enlisting will be required to buy his own uniform, which will not cost as much as an ordinary school suit and at the same time without a doubt will outwear the average suit. If this is done the Corps can get guns and equipment from the government without any trouble, as this is the requirement necessary to secure rifles from the government and is the way the many High School Cadet Corps of the country have secured theirs. A Corps organized in this way would make a military division that would be hard to beat, as the majority of our boys, at least those worth while, now have the rudiments of the marchings down to a "T," and it would not be long after our boys were given the rifles until they would rank with the cadets of the Concordia College, whose efficiency is of a high calibre. With the consolation of having made its mark as a military unit of this city and with the hope for betterment in the years to come the Corps closes its second year of successful and beneficial work.

THE F. W. H. S. CADET CORPS

The Whys and Wherefores of Our Cadet Corps

Since the United States has been drawn into this great war, there has been a national agitation for preparedness. Men all over the country have been enlisting, and, I think I am safe in saying that over half of them have had no previous Military Training. Statistics prove that it takes at least one year's training to make a good soldier. This means that it will be one year before our newly enlisted men can be considered efficient soldiers. How much better it would be if those men had had military training in connection with their schooling.

Within the past six months the American people have begun to realize this. Many of the high schools of the country began instituting military departments as a part of their regular course, until now almost every school of importance in the United States has adopted this training. So it is that we, being true Americans, and not wishing to fall behind the mark set by other schools and colleges, have begun military work.

We, of course, experienced many difficulties in getting organized, the greatest being the lack of attendance on the part of those enrolled, but we kept at it until now we have a cadet corps worthy of our school. There is not a boy in the Fort Wayne High School Cadet Corps who has not learned enough of the essentials of military training to prove invaluable to him in case his country calls him. Not only does the training benefit him, but it also helps the government, for now as never before, we need men capable of being made into efficient soldiers with only a few days of government training. Our Cadet Corps has made great progress in the few short weeks of training it has had, and we hope for even greater progress next year.

In conclusion, I want to congratulate those men of my company who showed the right spirit and attended the drills with the firm intention of learning as much as possible of the essentials of military tactics. Of those men who signed up, and then without good excuse, continually refused to come out and drill with the others, I have nothing to say, except that they are slackers and are not worthy of the school they attend.

By Nelson H. Prentiss,—'18,
Captain, Company A,
F.W.H.S. Cadet Corps.

THE F. W. H. S. CADET CORPS

The Cadet Corps of the Fort Wayne High School is one of the best courses which could be installed in a school. When the Corps was organized there was not much attention paid it by the school authorities, but nevertheless it thrived in its early stages. It was necessary to pick the commissioned officers in some set manner and so it was decided to take them from the Senior class. The non-commissioned offices were to be distributed among the other Cadets, according to merit and service. Although the officers and privates were all new last year, the officers worked hard and brought the Corps past the critical stage and they deserve no little credit.

There is one thing which the Cadets in rank must more closely observe in years to come, and that is Military Courtesy while on duty. All Cadets are of equal rank while in school, but while at drill they must be more cour-

teous to superior officers. The officers do not think that they are better than the Cadets, but this courtesy must be shown them or the organization is not truly military in spirit. The private does not salute the man of superior rank, but he salutes the office itself. When a Cadet of lower rank wishes to speak to a higher rank man while on duty, he should approach him in a military manner and transact his business in a courteous way. This is the method of character building military training affords and is very valuable. Obedience is another important item in a successful military organization and should be upheld at all times. A Cadet should always do as ordered, without any questioning or retort, although he may know he is right and the officer wrong. After doing as ordered, the private may complain to an officer if he thinks he has been imposed upon. The best thing for a private to learn is to do as he is told and then if he is wrong the officer is to blame and not the cadet. All officers are only human, and all humans make mistakes, but the good officers always right them.

By next year the School Board will no doubt grant Military Trainng to be a regular selective course and give credits for it, therefore I hope that the boys of this school will make themselves worthy of the Corps and do their best towards the betterment of it.

There is one cadet who has given a great deal of his time to the welfare of the Corps; to him is due no little honor for the success. Major Moellering, better known as "Bill," has worked hard for the Corps and put his whole soul into its successful past. May I here congratulate the Cadets of all the companies and especially my Cadets in "Company B" for their hard work, and may they all have greater success in the following terms.

William S. Morris, '17,
Captain, Company B,
F.W.H.S. Cadet Corps.

THE F. W. H. S. CADET CORPS

Battalion, Attention!

To two hundred of the boys of our school this should mean business, the serious business of learning the rudiments of that great science known as Military Tactics. The enrollment of our Cadet Corps is 200 strong, but the average attendance does not exceed 150. Why this is, I cannot say; the officers have tried to make the work both instructive and entertaining for the cadets, and although they have been forced to discipline several members upon various occasions, they have been as lax as possible in enforcing order. However, severe discipline should not be necessary. Boys from 14 to 19 years old should have sufficient sense to deport themselves properly on ceremonial occasions, and at least pay sufficient attention at drills to grasp the principles of the various movements. In teaching the principles of Military Tactics, the instructor must have the undivided attention of the cadet if accuracy is expected in the results to be obtained.

As for attendance, some of the members of our corps contend that they signed the enrollment blanks with the understanding that we were to get complete equipment—free of charge. Such was not the case. Capt. Byroade, Major Moellering, and all the recruiting officers stated that the School Board was attempting to come to an understanding with the government, but could make no promises. Since the United States has entered the war, however, the prospects for getting any equipment whatever are practically lost for the present. Even if they had promised to get equipment and had failed to do so, why should anybody get discouraged and quit? If the prospects of wearing an army uniform is all the incentive a fellow has to make him join we do not want him; we **do want,** however, the fellows who of their own free will, and because they like the work, are willing to come out and put forth their best efforts to make the Corps a success and receive their share of its benefits. Next year the School Board has in mind the establishment of a merit system, by which the students enrolled in the Cadet Corps will receive credit toward graduation, provided that they fulfill the requirement of attendance and discipline. If incentive is required, this surely should be both a sufficient incentive and a means of securing discipline, all of which should go to make our Cadet Corps a permanent institution, worthy of the sincere attention of every able-bodied boy in our school.

By Joseph Grable, '17,
Captain, Company C,
F.W.H.S. Cadet Corps.

Seen From The Roof

and
Seen On the Roof
Before
After

ATHLETICS

That Which Stands for "School Spirit"

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Girls' Athletics

When the time rolls around for the class of inmates who have earned their "pardon," after serving their time and faithfully executing their duties, to leave their respective cells, 'tis also time for some of us who belong to that gang to take a farewell crack at our friend Athletics. Play the music slowly and solemnly while we, with a mournful voice and tears in our eyes, write the obituary, or what ever it is, and frame up some sort of an epitaph. Of course, speaking of Athletics takes up a broad subject, as there are two parts to that thing, girls' and boys' athletics. As it is impossible to write about both at the same time, for fear there would be a row, we shall endeavor to dig up some of the past history of athletics as far as the girls are concerned. You may think it more scandalizing than beneficial, but what we have to say is the truth and nothing but the truth.

Girls' athletics also takes into consideration more than one kind of sport, but outside of croquet, tiddle-de-winks and a few more of those strenuous exercises, basket-ball was the only thing of any importance in this institution. So, for the last time, we take our pen in hand to bring back a faint remembrance to you all of what our lady cell-mates did for us (meaning the institution) in the way of basket-ball. But before we start we shall have to go back a few, yes several, months and rake up some history before we try to write anything about our basket-ball team. Let's see, first there was a meeting, or a gathering of all the basket-ball girl bugs in the place, to find out what chances there were for some games. We calculate as how there was a regular mob there, all breaking and craning their necks to see and hear what Miss Wingert and our "Principal Man" had to say. They had plenty to say, all right, such as what was expected of good teams and that the girls had plenty of pep, etc.

We guess that everybody knows what sort of weather we have around this burg; one minute it's cold, and the next you feel like jumping in a lake, or if there isn't one near, into a drinking fountain. Well, on account of such weather, basket-ball was delayed several weeks, until the bugs (basket-ball bugs, of course) grew so restless and vicious that Coach Wingert called a practice. After one rehearsal, the team appeared before the appreciating mob of fans and rooters, in a preliminary game sometime in December. Well, the team which had the position of Varsity tried to outshine the second team, who thought they had just as good a chance to skin the first team. Being only the second time that these cell-mates of ours, who had received the honors of representing this institution, had appeared on a basket-ball floor for many months, nothing much was to be expected, except to see a bunch sprawling all over the floor in attempts to pick up the ball. But then it served as a game, and the outcome was 14-0 for the Varsity dames. After this they got more into the spirit of the game and began to practice like—they ought to practice.

Same old story, "practice makes perfect," over and over again; so our girls started out to get perfect. Say but they sure did pull off some good practice games, almost worth your time to walk to a gym and watch their rehearsals. They were almost getting "good," when along came a chance to

Miss Wingert. We could praise the honorable coach, Miss Wingert, for ever and ever, but we are afraid she will protest against too much praise. Everybody knows what a coach she is, so there's no use to repeat facts, especially established facts. Miss Wingert was a Bloomington graduate, and came to our fair city to teach some of the inmates, a few things, about mathematics. It is evident that she taught the girls several things about the beloved game. and was the coach for several years of all teams representing our school. We hope that she has as much success with next year's team, as she did this one, and that it may be even a better one.

Captain Wermuth. One of the first important features of this far-famed team, is Tec, who besides being a star of the team, had the honor of Captain of the famous team bestowed upon her. This was indeed a great honor, and Tec. proved her ability to occupy the responsible (?) position, but this was nothing in comparison to her ability to cage the pill in its proper place. Many a time she saved the day, and to her we take off our hats, (if any of us possess those things). Here's to her success next year, which will conclude her career in basket ball on the varsity team, for which she served three years already.

get a whack at another team outside of our own school. You know these young ladies from out there in that place called Lakeside Normal, and our future teachers, had made up a team and thought they could beat us, upon the reputation that that school has always had in basket-ball connections with this school. Normal occasionally taught our teams a thing or so in years back, and still expected to, but, my, how times had changed. Why, we beat them so badly that they never returned the game, but perhaps there was nothing more left of them after our team roughed them up a little. Believe us, our team was made up of regular huskies and it was natural that they should like to rough it up. Now that may give you the opinion that they were regular gosh-dingets, but we want to correct such a broad statement, and in reply say that our team most of the time checked themselves when in the least were in the mood of stirring up something. But, going back to the Normal-Fort Wayne game, our team's reputation grew out of that game, cause the score was 47-0. They say that bad news travels quickly, and that must have been the case with this game cause it was no time until everybody began to talk about "that there High School girls' team sure is some team." Of course they were judging from the score, which sounded good to them.

Time soon rolled around and it was time to clean up on the next victim, which was an aggregation from a small nearby village called Decatur. This team was not made up of basket-ball sized girls, like most high school teams are (ours excluded, of course, for being extra good size). Why, they were mere infants, and our girls were almost ashamed to get out on the floor and face the crowds, against such a little team. The infants were pretty speedy at that, but what could they do to a brick-wall team like ours?

What our girls did to them was plenty, although they tried their best to take good care of them so that they would not be minus an arm, or all banged up. It was like handling dainty things with gloves on so as not to soil them. You understand that we don't mean to say that Decatur couldn't play ball, cause for a small team they were there, but against a large huskyfied team like ours, they had as much chance as a fly on fly-paper. The score was something like 49-1, which was not much more than the Normal-Fort Wayne score, but our girls didn't want to run the score up into the 100 mark.

We admire Decatur's courage, for they gave us a return game, although they said they expected to get beaten almost as badly again, unless by chance they would have the advantage on their own floor. As someone said, they actually had nerve enough to face defeat again. So, on the night of the return game at Decatur, our girls won 43-4. Decatur did have some advantage on their own floor, for our team was all fussed into such a little shoe-box affair, which constituted their gym. Thank goodness there was no enmity between the two teams, and we hand it to Decatur for taking their defeat like a man. But if we are going to write about one game all the time, we'll never get anyplace, so we'll shift scenes to the night of the Warsaw game.

Ah, cold shivers run up and down our spines, when we think of this game. This gang from up state came down with all pomp and ceremony and in the very best of confidence of taking us off our high perch, but they also unknowingly had come down to meet their Waterloo. For the fourth time Dame Fortune smiled down upon us, and gave us the necessary pep and class to teach our worthy opponents a few things in the game. You have no doubt heard lots about great wars, family trouble, gang fights, etc., but this game had any of them beat to a frazzle. Forward, march, the charge was lead. Then began

Helen Hackius. The forwards may claim the highest honors if they wish, but they won't get them, for what good would the forwards be, if they didn't have a "man" in the center on whom they could depend to shoot them the pill. Hackius appeared for the first time on the team, this year, and she sure made a hit, but seldom getting hit. Hackey was a poor little sub. last year, but this year she made her debute, and climbed the ladder to success.

Marie Keller. "Kell" played the position of second centre on the team, and proved to be a valuable man. Marie was sub for the team in her Junior year, but she made her first appearance as "real 'varsity man" this season, and well does she deserve that title, since her quick work and all 'round play have helped the team to win all the games. "Kell" has been very faithful to her team, reporting at every practice, and playing all but one game. We regret to say, however, that we will be minus this star next season, because Marie graduates.

the scramble. The floor was mopped up with the remains of the teams, the players found themselves landing someone in the bean every once in a while. The list of injured was great, many suffering great aches and pains, bruised elbows and cracked knees, and broken teeth. Oh, that was a regular game, although it could hardly be classed as a basket-ball game, appearing much more to onlookers like a football game or a mad Louisiana mob. "The spoils of war belong to the victor," therefore we got a victory of 43-14, and a bad "rep"—from that team. The game was not returned for Manager Ward cancelled it, although Warsaw claimed they'd beat us or die in the attempt, if we went down there. Of course we knew they would have to die in the attempt and we did not want to be guilty of murder, yet.

After this game the Hartford City squad came down and faced defeat—but they didn't expect much more in the first place.

We could write all night long about the exciting games our teams had, just like that man that goes to a lake and catches "one, two feet long," and never ceases to tell about it. The next exciting thing on the program was the little affair between Bluffton and us. Boy, but this was another hot one, even better than the last game we wrote about. Bluffton all the while had been getting wind of our games, and what players our team was developing into, and they were getting prepared for the worst. One of their team witnessed the Warsaw game, for they had heard that Warsaw was one of the fastest teams in the northern part of the state, and after the game said, "I see our finish right now." Bluffton had always been in the habit of splitting 50-50 with Fort Wayne games, but this year they had built their hopes so high as to run off with two wins. They, too, had their hopes shattered and torn, and met with defeat 21-8. Say, you never saw such a down-hearted looking bunch in all your life. But you couldn't blame them a bit; they had won every other game just as we did, and hated to lose to us. Other teams had won every game also, until they met us, then they fell flat as pancakes.

Another week passed after Bluffton had met defeat, and our team set out to give the Hartford City team another chance to try o beat us. Well, this game sure was a fast one; it seemed that toward the last our team had more opposition than at the beginning of the season, and Hartford sure put up a stiff fight on their own floor. They gave us a merry chase the first half, and our girls soon began to kick up the dust and show that large mob of rooters down there that they were not going to witness the downfall of the most famous, idealistic, speediest, fastest, bestest team in the state. The second half saved the day, although our team was ahead a good margin the first half. But even though our dames had kept a good pace ahead, the other dames were quickly approaching in their foot-steps. As usual, there was another victory for F.W.H.S.; same old story over again, and the score of this game was 27-12.

The young things on our team were nearly fitting themselves for membership on "State Street" before they got another crack at their Bluffton friends. Baby, but this was the cream of 'em all, positively the best and fastest game that either team had ever played. There was no doubt about this being the closest game of the season, the score this time being 19-13. No one was left behind this time, nor out of sight. So ended the successful schedule of our team, every game being a good one, so speedy that Barney Oldsfield had to take a back seat when it came to speed.

To close the season, the first and seconds clashed again, but the scrubs

Katharine Kampe. Next in rank comes our shining light, whose name is well-known among basket-ball circles. This shining light is no other than Kat, who speeded on quickly to glory and success, over the path of fame. We all thought that the place for stars was in the heavens, and what Kat is doing on earth with the rest of we poor mortals, is more than we can understand. She sure did make a name for herself and the team too, and surely deserves the title of "The Star that Made F. W. H. S. Famous". Besides being an expert forward, she was made manager of the famous team.

Hilda Schwehn. Last but not least, of the sextette, is Schwehn, the smallest and one of the most important members of the team. Although the team was nicknamed the "Giraffes", Schwehn could hardly be classed with that name, for she was far from tall. Just the same she was there with the goods, and if she hadn't been such a clever guard, the scores would have been much larger for those who dared oppose our team. Hilda has another year ahead of her, and there is no doubt but that she will become more famous than ever.

couldn't see the Varsity for dust, the score being 43-3. Something was wrong somewhere with the Scrubs, or perhaps the first team knocked all the pep out of them. Well, the end was finished with this game, and nothing more happened around here for athletics in the female line. Reckon we'll have to do the same as others do when they come to the end—stop. Guess we'll summarize the games and add 'em up below, so you can take one look at them and see how bad some of those who dared to try to lick us, got it in the neck.

F. W. H. S.	47	Normal	0
F. W. H. S.	49	Decatur	4
F. W. H. S.	43	Decatur	1
F. W. H. S.	32	Warsaw	14
F. W. H. S.	21	Bluffton	8
F. W. H. S.	27	Hartford City	12
F. W. H. S.	19	Bluffton	13

Monograms

For their toilsome, wearisome, hard labor, our spondulous athletes who were guilty of doing such a splendiferous duty as being basket-ball stars, were awarded monograms. Of course we all agree that each and every one really and truly deserved a couple sweaters, rings, pins, etc., but owing to the high cost of living, and the war (blame it on the war, of course), monograms were considered an extravagance. We saw a faint likeness of these things on some paper, and they looked pretty classy, but we won't get a chance to see the real stuff before this goes to print. From what we know now, they are to be made out of goods, felt most likely, and are to be white. Can't always sometimes tell about things since the war, so they may be only like the ones we saw, cheap paper. However, whatever they be, those who get 'em ought to be tickled to think that they are even thought of.

Secrets!

Sh-h-h, everybody, and we'll tell you a secret. It's no longer a secret, that's why we're telling you, but it's about our team. We suppose you are thinking, "Don't you ever get tired raving about that team?" but we haven't yet told you WHY and HOW our team got its "rep." Before anybody can have his reputation established he has to amount to something, although generally it's those who don't amount to a hill of beans that have the biggest "rep." It was the first case with our team, cause they really did amount to something, but no one knows it. The first secret was:

1. A GOOD COACH. Everybody knows as well as we do that there has to be someone in charge of something to make anything a success. You all agree on that, don't you? Sure thing, an engine can't be run without an engineer, even though a "Baby Packard" is sometimes run by anything but a chauffeur. Thus it was with the team, and the main thing was, well you could hardly call her an engineer or chauffeur, but she bossed and ran the team. Who could have filled the position better than Miss Wingert? Answer, "No one, of course." Sure thing, she was the best coach that ever took under her wing a flock whose ambition was to become a famous basket-ball squad. Without her constant care the team would have been worthless. So to Miss Wingert goes the credit for the secret of success of the 1916-17 girls' basket-ball team, the first and last, ever of its kind in this school.

Esther Deister. If there ever was a faithful player, Deister was one. After playing on the team last year she was in good form to help make the team this year. But Dame Fortune ceased to smile on her, for at the end of the first semester, she was a post grad and had to resign from the team. This was a sad blow because everybody could depend upon Deister, but there was nothing to do except put in a new player and try their best.

Helen Pohlmeyer. The one thas was chosen for Deister's place was Polly, and right away she made good, so that the team continued to progress. Pohlmeyer has been in the game for a few years, but like everybody else, she had to wait until there was a chance to show what she could do. Well, she got the chance all right, and she sure did make good. Polly proved to be one of the fastest and best guards this school ever produced.

Victoria Gross. Another faithful sub. was Vicky, who like Marie Miller, was always in good form to occupy any position. Vicky was one of our star forwards, although there was never any occasion to put her in a game, for the regular forwards were never knocked out, and played every game. She also has next year to look forward to and its up to her to become a famous player like Tec. and Kat.

Marie Miller. One of those players on whom we depended in case of a vacancy was Marie Miller, who has mastered every position of a player, and was always ready to jump in and fill any vacancy. However, there were no vacancies, and she never had the chance to show off her ability as a sub. Just the same she was on deck at every game, and did her best for the success of the others.

2. RULES AND REGULATIONS. Since we all agreed so nicely that a good coach was necessary, we know you'll agree with us that "rules and regulations" is the next best thing. We have been taught rules since we were knee-high to a grasshopper, if there ever was such a thing, until we couldn't do anything without rules. At first the rules were only pointers, but when some people couldn't see that pointers were of any good, rules were forced upon the team. We shall not make public the rules which our team was forced to live up to or suffer being kicked off the team. We can't give the exact ones, but they were like this:

1. Positively no dates on the two nights before a game.
2. Every player in bed at ten o'clock two nights before a game, and at nine the night before the game.
3. No gentlemen to accompany their lady friends who play on the team on out-of-town trips.
4. Every player to cut out the sweet stuff, such as too much pie, etc.
5. Before a game no player is to eat anything for supper except things prescribed by the coach.
6. Practice twice a week and everybody must be there unless excused by the coach.

How do you like those for rules? Well, our girls didn't like them, either, but they were between " 'and the deep blue sea," so there was not much choice. However they are still fat and healthy as ever, and all are still existing, so the rules were not so bad after all. Besides they "made the girls what they are today."

Review of the Basket Ball Season

When the call for basket-ball candidates was issued last fall, a good-sized squad of about twenty or twenty-five boys reported to Coach Wright. A very encouraging feature was that they kept on coming every afternoon. But Mr. Wright had a real job on his hands. Since there had been no school team the year before to develop new material, most of the candidates were practically beginners. So the coach had to develop almost a whole team out of raw material. A few weeks' practice brought results, however. And toward the end of October the coach was able to pick the first team. The team was composed of: Kendrick, Dannacker, and Wilkens, forwards; Berghoff, center; Lindemuth, Barnett, and Figel, guards. Harry Kendrick, the best player in school and the only former Varsity man, was elected captain by a unanimous vote.

This outfit played five games but couldn't seem to get together. They lost one by 3 points to the St. Paul Juniors, and got walloped by Bluffton. Then they lost another to Columbia City by 3 points although the Fort Wayne bunch was without doubt the stronger team. In the game with Decatur they showed some real class and ran up a large score. Then things began to happen all in a bunch. Just before the Christmas vacation, Barnett suffered an injury which kept him out of the game for the rest of the season. In the Berne game, the first one after vacation, Butch Wilkens dislocated an elbow. Then Kendrick graduated and left school while Dannecker and Figel had to quit basketball on account of their studies.

With Lindemuth and Berghoff left from the regulars, Mr. Wright faced the task of building up another team in the middle of the season. He did a

good job of it, too, as the results testified. At first Randall, Rohan and Wooding were the forwards while Morris and Shoup were fighting for the second guard position. Randall soon showed his supremacy over his rivals and Shoup appeared to have an edge on Morris. Then the coach pulled what seemed to be a queer stunt but which later proved to be a wise move. He switched Lindemuth from guard to forward. The other forwards were all light, so by pairing up Randall and Lindemuth, he added weight to that end of it and let Morris and Shoup, who are both husky fellows, hold down the guard positions. During all this switching, Lindy had been made captain and the team had lost a couple more games—not walk-aways, however. Decatur defeated them in a closely contested game and Pennville beat them by 3 points. The combination as finally worked out rapidly improved and began to look like a real basketball team. They defeated Berne in a return game, which was, in our opinion, the best game played at the Smart gym in some time. The final score was 28-30.

The Whole Bunch

Meanwhile Wilkens' arm had been improving and he was just about ready to get into the game again. Also Bill Moellering had finally become eligible. Wilkens displaced Berghoff at center, while Moellering alternated with Morris and Shoup at guard. So the new line-up was completed and finished the season as follows: Randall and Lindemuth, forwards; Wilkens, center; Berghoff, center and forward; Morris, Moellering and Shoup, guards. After a three weeks' lay-of, the team lost a thriller to the St. Paul Juniors. On the next Wednesday night they went down to Bluffton and lost again, although by a closer score than that by which the original team was defeated. Then on Friday night they played Kendallville here. After holding Kendallville even for three-quarters of the game, the strain finally told and Kendallville pilled up a total of 34 points to our 16.

Then came the district meet, in which, if we do say it ourselves, our team performed nobly. After walloping Waterloo, which was supposed to have a good team, they lost out to the strong Angola aggregation in one of the most hotly contested games of the tournament. Our fellows surprised everybody by their fine playing. In the Waterloo game they had everything they had

Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright is our coach. He came last fall disguised as a history tecaher. When asked to take charge of basket ball affairs, he readily assented, for he is an ardent lover of that sport. With praiseworthy persistency he stuck to his task throughout the season in the face of many discouragements. He is certainly to be congratulated on the team he turned out at the end of the season. He accomplished wonders for the length of time in which he had the team in charge. Mr. Wright knows the game thoroughly, and no one can help but profit by listening to his advice in basket ball matters.

Maurice Lindemuth. Lindy is one of the two who were regulars all through the season. He certainly deserved it because he played a fine game from the start and improved steadily. He was Captain during the second half of the season and did his share in every game. He started in at gard, but one would never have thought it to see him playing forward at the end of the season.

ever lacked and a lot more besides. Just to prove that it was not a fluke, they cleaned up on Garrett a week later on Garrett's floor to the tune of 40 to 18. In the last game of the season, which was with Pennville at the latter place, they were defeated 24 to 33, and the wonder is that they made it that close under the conditions.

A fair summary of the past basket-ball season would be something like this: The original team was developed from a bunch of greenhorns and acquired a likeness to a real team. Then, in mid-season, this bunch is wiped off the face of the earth and an entire new team must be worked up out of raw material. After a lot of experimenting, this new team gradually took shape and steadily improved in all departments of the game. At last, near the close of the season, it blossomed into a regular team, playing a brand of basket-ball which is hard to beat.

This will give our readers an idea of the troublous tribulations which handicapped our team throughout the past season. And possibly it will cause

The Hurdlers

them to have a grain of respect for those fellows who, under Mr. Wright's leadership, struggled along under these handicaps, striving to get a team where most people said there wasn't any. They succeeded mighty well, too.

The Future.

Next year we will have something to start with. It is sad to think that four of the regulars, Lindemuth, Randall, Morris, and Shoup, will graduate this spring, but, since that can't be helped, we must put up with it. Wilkens, Berghoff, and Moellering will form the basis for a team and, with several good players from the second team, the chances for a good team are excellent. Butch Wilkens played a fine game at center toward the end of the season and should be better than ever next winter. Anyway, let us hope for the best.

We wish to say right here that you cannot expect an A1 basket-ball team if the school doesn't support it. The fellows are not going to work their heads off if the school doesn't come to the games. It is very discouraging to a player to feel that his school isn't back of him. This last season, only two games,

Alfred Randall. Al. didn't get into the game until late in the season but after he got started he sure did go. After Kendrick left, Al. took his place and as a result we scarcely missed Harry. He looks pretty light but he is there in forty different ways. No matter how much punishment he received, he always came up smiling.

Ralph Wilkens. Butch is a Junior and will be with us next year. Hard luck for our opponents. He had the tough luck to have his right shoulder dislocated in mid-season. He came back strong, however, and played a whale of a game at center for the balance of the season. Get the jump on 'em next year, Butch!

Decatur and Berne, were even fairly well attended. A gang of rooters accompanied the team to Decatur. That was the first and last time. Only six students took the long and arduous trip to Kendallville, and not a soul accompanied them the eighteen miles to Garrett.

TRACK

The track team had a bunch of ill-luck this spring and deserves a lot more credit than appearances seem to indicate. The fellows got a late start owing to the weather conditions. But that isn't the worst by any means. The season had barely begun when two of our stars, Randall and Lindemuth, the former being captain, were laid up with appendicitis. Al Randall got back in time to make a try at it, but he was not in condition to do much. He did the best he knew how and deserves a lot of credit. Several of our best track men were kept out through ineligibility. Bash, the leading point-winner in the inter-

class meet at Centlivre Park, and Joe Grable, who won the mile in a walk, were both ineligible.

Our fellows weren't licked by a long way, however, and went to the district meet at Huntington determined to do or die. Newt Warriner and Johnny Watt did their share, the former taking first in the half-mile, while Johnny took third in the 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, and the running broad jump.. The rest failed to deliver, so the Fort Wayne High had to be satisfied with eight measly points. Some other dual meets were scheduled but had to be called off because of the condition of the tracks.

There was only one Senior on the team this year, so that gives us a pretty fair start for next year. Next spring we expect the following to deliver with some excellent work: Johnny Watt, Bash, Newt Warriner, Butch Wilkens, and Elm Wilkens. These were the most promising performers this spring and should accomplish wonders by next season if they keep in condition in the meantime. They owe it to their school to do this.

Arthur Berghoff. This lengthy fellow, commonly called "Shorty," "Son," "Suds," etc., is only a Freshie. So we are pretty well provided with centers for the next four years. He played a good game this last season, playing in all but one or two games. In a couple of years he should be going at his best and then look out. He can outjump nine out of ten centers now and with a little more experience behind him we can expect most anything.

William Morris. Bill is a husky lad and can hold his own with the best. On the defense, he was as steady as a rock and generally stopped whomever he went after. Bill filled in at back guard in great shape and busted up many a play headed in his direction. He is a hard worker and was trying his best all the time. Having lots of endurance, he certainly kept the opposing forwards stepping.

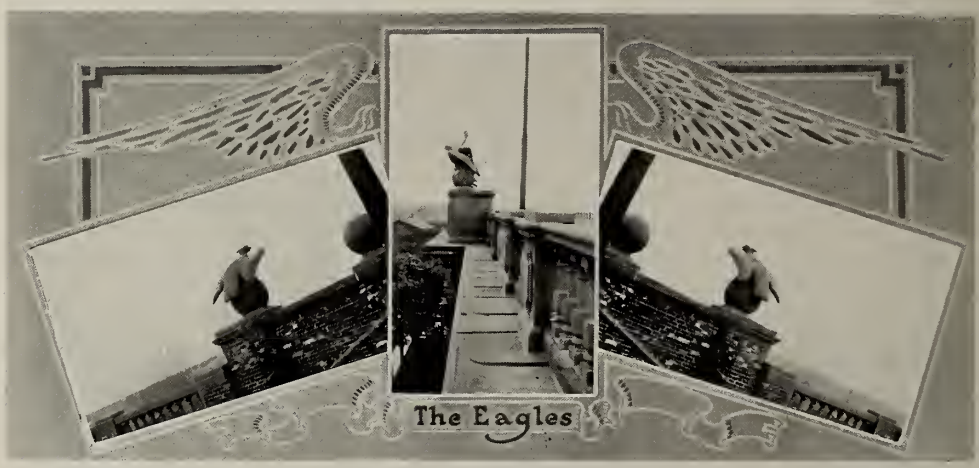
"Ready for Business"

William Moellering. Bill No. 2 is rather chubby, as anyone can see, but is, notwithstanding, pretty fast on his feet. He is also a pretty fair basket-shooter. These traits made him a dandy floor guard. He got started late in the season owing to lack of concentration in the class room. After vindicating himself in the latter place, he proceeded to show his basket ball ability, which is considerable. We have not heard the last of Bill No. 2 for he is a Junior and will get another chance next season.

Arthur Shoup. Art played very nearly the whole season, since he started in the fourth game. He is a regular athlete and after he got going proved to be a valuable man. He is right there when it comes to stopping a dribble and can get his share of the baskets. He played a fast, steady game at guard and always seemed to be under when it came down in his territory. He graduates this spring and is therefore lost to us forever.

"Some Action!"

"Secrets Until Now!"



DEPARTMENTALS

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F·W·H·S
Debate
1917

Debating and Oratory

(Harold D. C. Kinney.)

At last has the Fort Wayne High School awakened from its Rip Van Winklian sleep of many, many long years! During this last year we have had a little taste of debating and oratory in our School! It may be that the School never had any such animal to go to sleep in the first place, but however that may be, things in general have been pretty well awake this year —so much so that oratory and debating are now firmly established in the F. W. H. S. Unless something unusual and unexpected happens, they will never (again) find a downy bed to lie down on to go to sleep.

About the only debating before this year that any of us can remember or ever heard about, was the Bloomington High School Discussion in 1914, in which David Erwin and Samuel Jackson participated. The contest between these two orators took place in the Auditorium for chapel exercises, and Dave Erwin won. Just as was the case this year, there was no county contest, so Dave went to Columbia City for the District, where he easily won. Then he went to Bloomington for the State contest—and lost. It was a beginning —but it didn't mature. After the chapel affair, and when the School found out that Dave had won the district, the F. W. H. S. patted itself on the back and proceeded to forget that there is such a "critter" as debating. And for two years the subject was forgotten by the School.

But one thing good did result from that little beginning in 1914. It started

and put on its feet that which has resulted in a general awakening this year —the Platonian Literary Society.

The history of debating and oratory in the F. W. H. S. is essentially the history, in part, of the Platonians. Dave Erwin and Sam Jackson were members of the organization in 1914, and every debate here since that start has been under the auspices of the Platonians. Last year the School enjoyed (yes, **enjoyed**) the debate in chapel between the Platonians and the Sorosis. The question was on woman suffrage, so of course the girls won out over Shambaugh and Miller. Besides this debate last year, Howard Shambaugh and Clarence Miller entered the Bloomington High School Discussion. This was held in chapel, and after an interesting hour the decision was rendered in favor of "Howdy." As before, our representative won the district, at Kendallville it was, and went to Bloomington—and lost. But it was quite a distinction for Howard, a Sophomore, to get as far as the State contest.

When time for the Contest rolled around this year, there were five contestants—Howard Shambaugh, Clarence Miller, Carl Rothert, Ivan Welty, and Willard Moellering. Because of his previous experience and early start in debating and oratory, Howard again succeeded in winning over his friends.

Owing to the great awakening in oratory in the F. W. H. S., and to the fact that Mr. Neff was chairman of the district, the district contest was brought here. Again Howard won the district and went to Bloomington—and lost.

The main thing to note in this connection is that it was the first debate staged here on a money-paying basis. The result of the financial part was doubtful at first; but a determined fight was made to make it succeed, and it did, gloriously. The several hundred people enjoyed themselves, the debates, and the yells.

During these winter months, debating flourished. As soon as this last debate was over, we "entertained" Auburn in a debate here. Our team, of Carl Rothert, Clarence Miller and Ivan Welty, easily took the honors, and a fine time was had.

In January, too, a big debate on government ownership of public utilities was held at Richmond, Indiana. Unfortunately, our team of Shambaugh, Rothert and Welty, lost to Richmond, because of the fact that their debaters have regular classes in the subject.

And, incidentally, it was this awakened spirit that gave Fort Wayne High the honor of having the big intercollegiate debate on "Constitutional Revision for Indiana," to which some several hundred turned out.

All in all, the Fort Wayne High School was put in the place where it deserves to be, this year. The spirit is still awake and will be in full sway again next year—and, it is hoped, every year to come.

The four boys whose pictures appear on the opposite page certainly merit the honors bestowed upon them, as well as the beautiful medals awarded them at the Platonian Banquet a few weeks ago.

Are you acquainted with these?

THE
1917
CALDRON

DRAMATICS
BUCHMAN '17

Just Cartoons Thass all.

By "Unky"

Senior Plays

COMILLER IN A TIGHT PLACE

A BACHELOR IS A BURN ACTOR

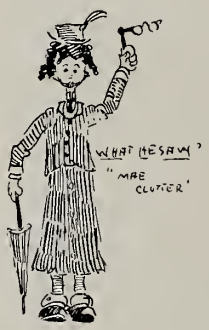
MARY WILLIAMS AS JANE THE MAID

ALL HEARTS ARE FOUR CAPITIES

THIS IS HELEN MACKUS

POOR (BOB) ???!!!

WHEN JACK ERWIN SAW MAE CLUTTER HE——"



WHAT HE SAW?

"MAE CLUTTER"

(CLAUDE MYERS DERIG) THEM ALL

WOULD MAKE A NIDEAL HUSBAND

ESTER SCHILD LAST BUT NOT LEAST

EARL WOODING IS SOME BAND DIRECTOR

THE WINE?? BOTTLE

AL RAMDALL ONE OF THE CURTAIN PULLERS

ROLAND APPELBAUM THE OTHER CURTAIN PULLER

Unky West.

The Senior Play

About seven months ago, one of the most successful Senior Plays in several years was presented in the Auditorium, by the '17's. This may seem to be a strange time to review the play—seven months after it was written up in the Caldron for the first time. But all things in this book have a reason for being there, and so has this—or rather, this has two reasons.

Those people who were unable to either see the play or buy the Caldron in which it was reviewed will gain some valuable information from this dissertation. And in the second place, without a little explanation, the cartoons on the opposite page would be rather pointless, and a great deal of artistic talent would have gone to waste.

The play, "Jane," was selected chiefly because of the suggestiveness of the title, and of the advertising possibilities which it offered. The plot of this farce was somewhat as follows:

Charles Shackleton, a handsome young spendthrift, is decidedly in trouble. He has been obtaining money from his guardian upon the pretense of having a very extravagant wife. As a matter of fact, the hero is still leading a free and untrammeled existence, although he is engaged to a charming Miss Lucy Norton.

The immediate cause for worry is the announcement of the coming of Mr. Kershaw, Shackleton's guardian. This affable and well-meaning old gentleman is coming with the avowed intention of remonstrating with the fictitious Mrs. Shackleton in regard to her needless extravagance. Manifestly, it is up to Charley to produce a wife as a fit subject for the old gentleman's remonstrance.

And thereby hangs the tale. After several unsuccessful and unsatisfactory attempts in this direction, the hero enlists the aid of Jane, the maid, who has just married William, Shackleton's valet, without letting anyone know about it. Jane decides to pose as Shackleton's wife for a day, and also for a thousand dollars in cash.

And here come the complications and, incidentally, the comedy. Mrs. Chadwick, the sentimental, widowed aunt of Lucy Norton, is mistaken for Shackleton's wife; Lucy is in the depths of anger and bitterness to find that her fiancee has "married" a servant-girl; William is in a similar condition of mental distraction, and vents his anger upon the diminutive head of Claude, the bell-hop; and Jane is facing the problem of producing a fictitious and non-existent child of Shackleton's.

In her attempt to borrow a baby for this purpose, two more characters are brought in. Mr. and Mrs. Pixton, the parents of the borrowed baby, are in decided contrast. Mrs. Pixton's aggressiveness and altitude for overtop the timidity and brevity of her husband, in their struggle to regain the borrowed child.

Of course, the mess is finally straightened out. The Pixtons recover their baby; Kershaw discovers his ward's deception, but relents and gives him his large inheritance; Lucy and Shackleton are married; and Jane receives the nominal consideration of two thousand dollars, with which she and her now reconciled William go their "humble route—their humble milk-route—in life."

Miscellaneous

By "mikey"

CALDRON VAUDEVILLE

BACHELOR IS SOMETIME DANCER

THE VOLUNTEERS

THE RELAY TEAM.

ASK "DAD" HE KNOWS.

MR NORTHROP (crack)"
"DAD"

A PIECE OF THE CADET CORPS.

MARY WILLIAMS AS LIBERTY"
CALDRON VAUDEVILLE

CAP'N RANDALL IN THE HOSPITAL
"REGARDS AL"

THE BEAUTY CHORUS

(TAKE YOUR PICK)

BACHELOR'S TABLEAU

DON MILLER.

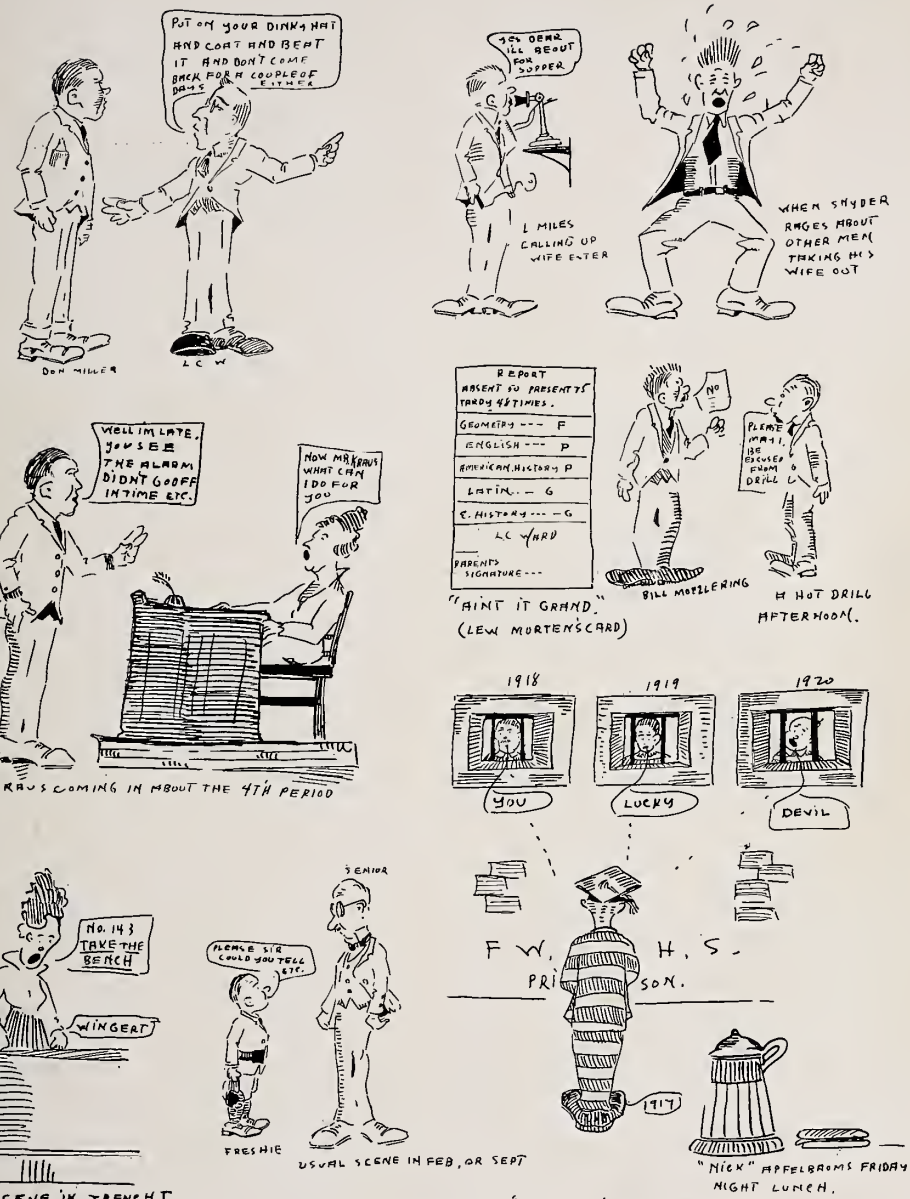
"DRIFTY"

BAUGHMAN. "1221"

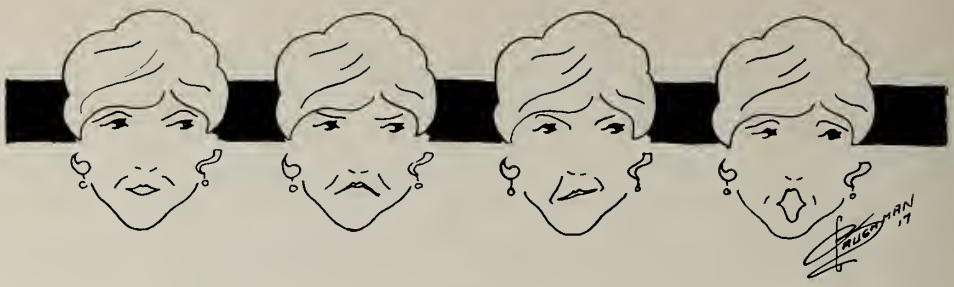
LEW MORTON

Daily Designs

"By Jimmy"


PUT ON YOUR DINKY HAT AND COAT AND BEAT IT AND DON'T COME BACK FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS
DON MILLER
L C W
I'LL BEAT FOR SUPPER
L MILES CALLING UP WIFE ENTER
WHEN SNYDER RAGES ABOUT OTHER MEN TAKING HIS WIFE OUT
WELL I'M LATE, YOU SEE THE ALARM DIDN'T GO OFF IN TIME ETC.
NOW MR KRAUS WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU
KRAUS COMING IN ABOUT THE 4TH PERIOD
REPORT
ABSENT 50 PRESENT 75 TARDY 48 TIMES.
GEOMETRY --- F
ENGLISH --- P
AMERICAN HISTORY P
LATIN. --- G
E. HISTORY --- G
L C YARD
PARENT'S SIGNATURE ---
"AIN'T IT GRAND."
(LEW MORTENSCARD)
NO
BILL MOELLERING
PLEASE MAY I BE EXCUSED FROM DRILL
H HOT DRILL AFTERNOON.
1918
1919
1920
YOU
LUCKY
DEVIL
F W, H S.
PRI SON.
1917
"NICK" APPELBAUMS FRIDAY NIGHT LUNCH.
NO. 143 TAKE THE BENCH
WINGERT
SCENE IN TRENCH I
SENIOR
PLEASE SIR COULD YOU TELL ETC.
FRESHIE
USUAL SCENE IN FEB, OR SEPT

"Doc" Mullholland and his "BUG" "Mutt" Watt.



EXCHANGE

Perhaps most people do not realize the value or function of the exchange department of the Caldron. The chief function of the exchange department is to get hints and opinions from the editors of other school magazines. Each month, if possible, we send out copies of The Caldron to the various high schools or colleges that send us copies of their school paper. In this way you can see we get criticisms and compliments from students other than those of the F.W.H.S. As this is the last issue of our publication this year, we will endeavor to give a summary of what the "Exchange Department" has done this year.

The following is a list of the Magazines we received this year:

The Retina—Toledo, Ohio.
Mortonian—Louisville, Kentucky.
Wabash—Crawfordsville, Indiana.
Ypsi-Sem—Ypsilanti, Michigan.
X-Ray—Columbus, Ohio.
Helios—Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Pennant—Lebanon, Indiana.
Oracle—Des Moines, Iowa.
Red & Black—Fostoria, Ohio.
Monitor—New Castle, Pennsylvania.
Ah-La-Ha-Sa—Albert Lea, Minnesota.
The Student—Detroit, Michigan.
Tiffinian—Tiffin, Ohio.
The Bugle—Monroe, Michigan.
Orange & Black—Waterloo, Iowa.
Purple & Gold—Eaton, Ohio.
Palmetto & Pine—St. Petersburg, Florida.
Polaris—Columbus, Ohio.
Torpedo—U. S. S. Alert—Submarine Division, Honolulu.
The E—Englewood, Illinois.
The X-Ray—Anderson, Indiana.
Optimist—Newark, New Jersey.
The Kernel—Louisville, Kentucky.
Kyote—Billings, Montana.
Clarion—Laporte, Indiana.
Echo—Upland, Indiana.
Tech Monthly—Scranton, Pennsylvania.
Enterprise—Boston, Massachusetts.
Searchlight—Portland, Indiana.
Black & Red Review—Hannibal, Montana.
Courier—Cincinnati, Ohio.
Anvil—East Chicago, Illinois.
Thistle—Toledo, Ohio.
Royal Blue—Guthrie, Oklahoma.
Whims—Seattle, Washington.
Orient—Bay City, Michigan.
Spectator—Trenton, New Jersey.
Polygraph—Riverside, California.
Herald—Spencerville, Indiana.
Mercury—Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
R.H.S. Register—Richmond, Indiana.
Kavanaugh Pioneer—Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.
Comet—Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Ravelings—Decatur, Indiana.
Vexillum—Boston, Massachusetts.
The Log—U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.
Pioneer—Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Mirror—Lima, Ohio.
Said & Done—Muskegon, Michigan.
Crimson—Goshen, Indiana.
Cherry & White — Williamsport, Pennsylvania.
Kodak—Everett, Washington.
Tohoma—Tacoma, Washington.
Pilgrim—Plymouth, Indiana.
Pennant—Elkhart, Indiana.

Skirmisher—Hillsdale, Michigan.
Blue Bird—New York, New York.
Spectator—Waterloo, Iowa.

You can see from this that we have read about the activities in schools far and near. Even so close as Spencerville or so far as Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands or Riverside, California, or Seattle, Washington. We have also read about schools in all directions, North, East, South, and West. But this is not all, some of the most famous schools in the United States have complimented our publication and helped us to improve it.

Following you will find a summary of our work this year:

No. of copies of exchanges received.	150
No. of schools represented	60
No. of states represented	19
No. of cities represented	53
No. of compliments or criticisms received	21
No. of states thus represented	13
No. of cities thus represented	21

❖ ❖ ❖

As We See Others.

Delphian—Moses Brown School, Providence, Rhode Island:

Your exchange department is quite complete. There is one thing, however, that makes your magazine very incomplete, and that is its lack of a joke department.

❖ ❖ ❖

Tahoma—Tacoma, Washington:

Your magazine is one of the very best on our list, with its splendid literary department and other good departments as well.

❖ ❖ ❖

Spectator—Trenton, New Jersey:

Your Junior issue is good, although there could be a few improvements, especially in the arrangement of the departments.

Optimist—Newark, New Jersey:

A very complete magazine. The joke department is especially good.

❖ ❖ ❖

Blue Bird—New York, New York:

"Old New York Number" cannot be excelled. The history of New York and the stories and illustrations show a great deal of thought and foresight on your part and tend to make it more interesting than ever before.

❖ ❖ ❖

Gold & Blue—Salt Lake City, Utah:

Your humor department is splendid. Your class reports are also very complete.

❖ ❖ ❖

As Others See Us.

Caldron:

Your St. Patrick's Number is a most novel and entertaining one. The Literary Department contains some very interesting stories and poems, "Coincidence" being one of the best extremely short stories we have ever received, while "Visions in Room 18" is especially realistic, vividly portraying a well-known circumstance. The department headings are all good, but why does not your artist furnish some cartoons also?

Gold & Blue—Salt Lake City, Utah.

❖ ❖ ❖

Caldron:

We are all agreeably pleased to find on opening your paper a very interesting and complete literary department. The arrangement of your paper is very good and the material in it shows real school spirit.

Spectator—Waterloo, Iowa.

❖ ❖ ❖

Caldron:

Your paper is most successful in that it seems to cover so completely and interestingly every event and matter of school concern.

Tech Monthly—Scranton, Pa.

The year 1916-1917 of the Fort Wayne High School was a very busy one from a social standpoint.

The two greatest events of the Senior year were the play and the commencement dance. The Senior play was given on November 29th and December 1st, in the High School Auditorium, under the direction of Mr. Charles Franklin. Very good judgment was shown by the committee when the play, "Jane," was chosen, and the participants were selected well for their parts. Both the committee and the cast deserve much praise for the work put on it.

The Commencement Dance, marking the climax in the High School career of the Class of 1917, is to be given at Trier's on the evening of June 22nd We are having a small dance because our class has decided to have a dance and a large picnic, which shows the financial success of our prosperous class. As the Annual goes to press before the dance and picnic, we cannot give the details, but as everything our class has ever attempted has been a success we may rest assured that we will have a good time.

In addition to these large events, the Senior Class also gave a class party. It was held on the evening of December 21st. The main feature of the evening was a pantomime staged in the Auditorium. It was a "Mother Goose" feature and after it Santa Claus presented the members of the Senior play cast with presents. The big event was ended with "eats" in the dining-room, which was beautifully decorated with class colors.

On March 30th the Caldron Vaudeville was given by the Caldron staff in the Auditorium of the High School. The purpose of this entertainment was to help the Annual from a financial standpoint. Although not as much money was made as was expected, because of the low price of admission, it was a great success.

In December the Junior Class gave a party at the High School. About one hundred and fifty persons attended and everyone had a good time. The second party was given on May 25th, which proved to be even a greater success.

The Sophomore class party was held on November 17th, at the school. A mock trial was the main feature. Although there were not so many present, everyone there had a good time. Another party was held on April 20th. Many more attended this party and it was a great success in every way.

The Class of 1920 gave a class party in December. This was the only affair that the Freshmen had, but everyone had a good time.

During the last season the camp-fires have been very busy. There are now

five groups—Algonquin, Little Turtle, Kekionga, Twightwee and Kishkagon. They are all very enthusiastis workers as is shown by the many honors the girls have won.

On May 4th the Algonquin Camp-Fire presented "All A Mistake" under the direction of Mr. Charles Franklin. Those in the cast were: Katherine Kampe, Helen Scott, Marie Miller, Rose Pelzweig, and Lowell Miles, Stanford McKeeman, Williard Moellering, and Charles Franklin.

At Christmas-time many dances were given. The Eta Alpha Girls started the ball rolling by giving a dance in the Anthony ballroom on December 22d. On the 27th the Qui Vive Society have a dance and on the following evening the Alpha Omegas entertained in the same ballroom. On the 29th of December the Pi Gammas gave a hard times dance, which certainly was a relief after the round of formal affairs. The Phi Delta Kappa fraternity gave an informal dance at the fraternity rooms on January 1st.

At Easter time the usual good times broke forth after Lent and many dances, parties and different social functions were enjoyed. The Eta Alphas and Alpha Omegas gave large informal dances and the Phi Delta Kappa fraternity gave a lovely patriotic party and dance. Everything was carried out in red, white and blue.

On the evening of November 3d, the Sorosis Literary Society held a party at the Y. W. C. A. Very pretty costumes were worn since it was a "dress-up" party. The principal feature of the entertainment was the initiation of new members. After playing several games all the guests went to the gymnasium, where a delicious lunch was served.

On the evening of May 3rd the Platonian Literary Society entertained the Sorosis in the library of the Y. M. C. A. Many members of both societies were present. The various games and contests were followed by a delicious lunch which was served by members of the Platonian Society.

There are two Red Cross classes formed of High School girls. One is First Aid to the Injured and the other Home Care of the Sick. The girls have answered to the call of their country as gallantly as the boys.

Two Ukelele Clubs have been formed of High School pupils, owing to the craze of Hawaiian music, and have become very popular through their playing in amateur performances and entertainments.

THE COMMANDMENTS—OF THE FACULTY

Thou shalt not walk upon the green grass but take the cement path.

Thou shalt not make thyself an image of thy textbook and take it with thyself into thine examinations.

Honor thy profs and thy lessons that thy days may be long in school.

Thou shalt not walk with thy best girl even under the very eyes of thy profs, while cutting thy profs' classes, for he will not hold thee blameless.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's umbrella, even though it may stand idle in the stand.

Thou shalt not yawn audibly in thy classes.

Thou shalt not see thy best girl on Monday night, or Tuesday night, or any other night during the schoolweek, but don thy best suit and red tie and escort her to church on Sunday.

Thou shalt abey all the rules and regulations even though they please thee not.

ESPERANTO

(Mr. Herbert Voorhees.)

The Second Language for All

Esperanto, the simple language compiled by Dr. Zamenhof, of Warsaw, and first published in 1887, is taking its position as the second language for people of all countries, by which they may easily communicate with one another. It is a neutral language, belonging to all nations alike, and therefore accepted by all without national prejudice. It is spreading far and wide. Its ability to meet all requirements has been triumphantly proved, since 1905, by a series of great International Congresses at which Esperanto was the only language used. The impressions of those present at such gatherings have been well summed up as follows:

"Day by day sittings were held for the transaction of all kinds of business and the discussion of the most varied subjects. It was impressive to see people from half the countries of the world rise from different corners of the hall and contribute their share to the discussion in the most matter-of-fact way. Day by day the congressists met in social functions, debates, lectures, and sectional groups (chemical, medical, legal, etc.) for the regulation of matters touching their special interests. Everything was done in Esperanto, and never was there the slightest hitch or misunderstanding, or failure to give adequate expression to opinions owing to defects of language. The language difficulty was annihilated."

Based upon those root-words which are common to the greatest number of languages, Esperanto is readily acquired by Europeans and Americans; but the simplicity and regularity of its grammar, and its ingenious system of word-building, render it easy also for the people of Eastern Nations, and it has already gained a large number of adherents in China, Japan, and other oriental countries.

The time required to learn Esperanto is a mere fraction of that which is necessary for any national language. It can be learned in a few weeks or months (according to the time devoted to study) by anyone of ordinary intelligence. It is spoken and written in the same straightforward, natural way by people of all nationalities.

It is not a theoretical project, but a living language, and is becoming one of the practical necessities of modern life.

In spite of its simplicity, it is exceedingly flexible. It has a remarkable richness, and a surprising capability of expressing every possible idea and shade of thought.

It is a language of precision, and has proved an excellent medium for the expression of scientific facts requiring extreme accuracy.

All the foregoing statements can be verified by anyone who cares to study the language and put it to the test for himself. Esperanto is the free possession of all who learn it.

Esperanto in Commerce

Enterprising men should look into the question of using Esperanto in commerce. Many large business houses are in constant touch with customers throughout the world, and are continually seeking to extend their sphere of activity. This necessitates the translation of catalogs, circulars, and other documents into various foreign languages, and here, if anywhere, the international language is destined to prove of immense utility. In this connection the head of a large London

house, doing business in all parts of the world, has given the following striking testimony to the value of Esperanto:

"I had some of my circulars and price-lists translated into this language; I sent these to Esperantists all over the world, and as a result have received communications of all kinds from practically every country in the world; and they have all been perfectly clear. I have myself since that time corresponded in the language upon every subject touching my business. At the present moment, after one-twentieth of the amount of study devoted to other languages, owing to its greater simplicity and clearness, I would prefer to use Esperanto to languages which I have been using for the past twenty years."

A Few Words on the Construction of Esperanto.

The letters of the alphabet are such as can be easily pronounced by people of all nations. The sounds of the vowels, a e i o u, are very similar to the vowel sounds in the sentences, "Pa, let me go too" or "Are there three or two?" In other words, the vowels have their Italian and not their English sound.

The grammar is so simple that the rules can be summarized on a post-card, and learned in a very short time. There are no exceptions to the rules and no irregular verbs.

The main principle in the construction of Esperanto is as follows. Each word generally consists essentially of two parts, viz.:

(1) A root, conveying a definite idea.

(2) Grammatical terminations and affixes.

The root can be given any grammatical termination of which it is capable. For example: the root "san" represents the idea of health; we have it in the English words "sanatorium," "sanitary." Then "san-o" is health; "san-a" is healthy; "san-i" is to be healthy; "san-e" is healthily. Then there are a number of prefixes and suffixes, which enable many words to be formed from the same root. For example: The prefix "mal" gives to the root the opposite meaning, e. g., "alta" is high; "malalta," low; "bona," good; "malbona," bad; "seka," dry; "malseka," wet; "rapida," quick; "malrapida," slow. Consequently one does not need to learn separate words for "low," "bad," "wet," etc. The suffix "in" makes the root feminine, e. g., "Patr-o," father; "patr-in-o," mother; "frat-o," brother; "frat-in-o," sister; "ceval-o," horse; "ceval-in-o," mare.

There are about thirty affixes and a few grammatical terminations and verb-endings, which can be quickly learned and then used to form thousands of words. This is fully explained in the text-books.

The Vocabulary of Esperanto

A large number of Esperanto roots are already familiar to the student, in the national forms. Such words as the following need no translation, as the roots are already international: "telegrafi," "telegramo," "elektra," "fotografi," "tabako," "lokomotivo," "mikroskopo," "pura," "normala," "instituto." A large number are common to five or six languages, such as "modesta," "rozo," "agrabla," "danco," "trumpeto," "minuto," "kamelo," "historio;" and many more are common to several languages.

Thus it will be seen that the roots have not been arbitrarily chosen, or "invented;" the most international roots have been systematically selected.

The following is a sentence in Esperanto: "Simpla, fleksebla, belsona, vere internacia, Esperanto prezentas al la civilizita mondo le veran solvon de la lingva problemo."

College vs. The Trenches

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Bureau of Education

To Pupils in Public and Private High Schools of the United States:

There are in the high schools of the United States this year more than one and one-half millions of boys and girls, and somewhat more than 200,000 of them will graduate this month and next. In an ordinary year 90,000 or more of these would next fall enter college, normal school or technical school to be prepared for such service to Society, State or Nation as can be rendered only by those who have received education beyond that which the high schools can give.

Many college presidents and others fear that on account of our entrance into the war few boys and girls will enter college next fall and that the total college attendance will be very small. The number ought, however, to be much larger than usual; and, as Commissioner of Education of the United States, I wish to urge all boys and girls who graduate from a high school this spring and who can possibly do so to enter some institution of higher learning next fall—college or normal school or technical or vocational school of some kind. There should be more students in the schools next year than ever before.

The more mature young men are, the more serviceable they are in the army. The selective draft will take only those between twenty-one and thirty. In the total of 60,000,000 people of productive age in the United States the 350,000 students in colleges and normal schools and technical and vocational schools of high grade constitute only about one-half of one per cent. More than half of these live in cities and connot be employed in agricultural production except as a few of them may find work on the farms during the summer. Their going to college will not lower the productive capacity of the country as a whole in any appreciable degree. The colleges, normal schools, and technical schools will all be open with undiminished income from public funds and endowments, and the expense of their maintenance will continue. It is quite probable that many of the older students will not return next fall and the higher classes will be smaller than usual. The graduates from the high schools should see to it that the lower classes more than make up for this deficiency.

This appeal is made on the basis of patriotic duty. If the war should be long the country will need all the trained men and women it can get—many more than it now has. There will be men in abundance to fight in the trenches but there will be a dearth of officers, engineers, and men of scientific knowledge and skill in all the industries, in transportation, and in many other places where skill and daring are just as necessary for success as in the trenches. The first call of the allies is for 12,000 engineers and skilled men to repair the railroads of France and England; and other thousands will be needed later. Russia will probably want thousands of men to repair and build her railroads. The morning papers of today contain a statement of a plan to reconstruct

thousands of miles of railroads in that country. The increase in transportation and the tax on our own roads will call for large numbers of men of the same kind. New industrial plants, shipyards, and our armies abroad will call for highly trained men beyond all possible supply unless our colleges and technical schools remain open and increase their attendance and output.

When the war is over there will be made upon us such demands for men and women of knowledge and training as have never before come to any country. There will be equal need for a much higher average of general intelligence for citizenship than has been necessary until now. The world will have to be rebuilt and American college men and women must assume a large part of the task. In all international affairs we must play a more important part than we have in the past. For years we must feed our own industrial population and a large part of the population of Western and Central Europe. We must readjust our industrial and social and civic life and institutions. We must extend our foreign commerce. We must increase our production to pay our large war debts and to carry on all the enterprises for the general welfare which have been begun but many of which will be retarded as the war continues. China and Russia with their new democracies and their new developments which will come as a result will need and ask our help in many ways. England, France, Italy, and the Central Powers will all be going through a process of reconstruction and we should be ready to give them generously every possible help. Their colleges and universities are now almost empty. Their older students, their recent graduates, and their younger professors are fighting and dying in the trenches, or are aleady dead; as aee many of their older scientific and literary men, artists and others whose work is necessary for the enlargement of the cultural and spiritual life and for all that makes for higher civilization. For many years after the war is over some of these countries will be unable to support their colleges and universities as they have supported them in the past. America must come to the rescue. We must be ready to assume all the responsibilities and perform thoroughly and well all the duties that will come to us in the new and more closely related world which will rise out of the ruins of the old world which is now passing away in the destruction of the war. To what extent and how well we may be able to do this will depend upon you young men and women who are this year graduating from our high schools and upon those who will follow in the next few years to a larger degree than upon any other like number of people.

Therefore, I appeal to you, as you love your country and would serve your country and mankind, that you make full use of every opportunity offered by our colleges and all other institutions to gain all possible preparation for the mighty tasks that lie before you, possibly in war and certainly in peace. To you comes the call clear and strong as it has seldom come to young men and women anywhere in the world at any time. For your country and for the world—for the immediate and the far-reaching future, you should respond.

Yours sincerely,

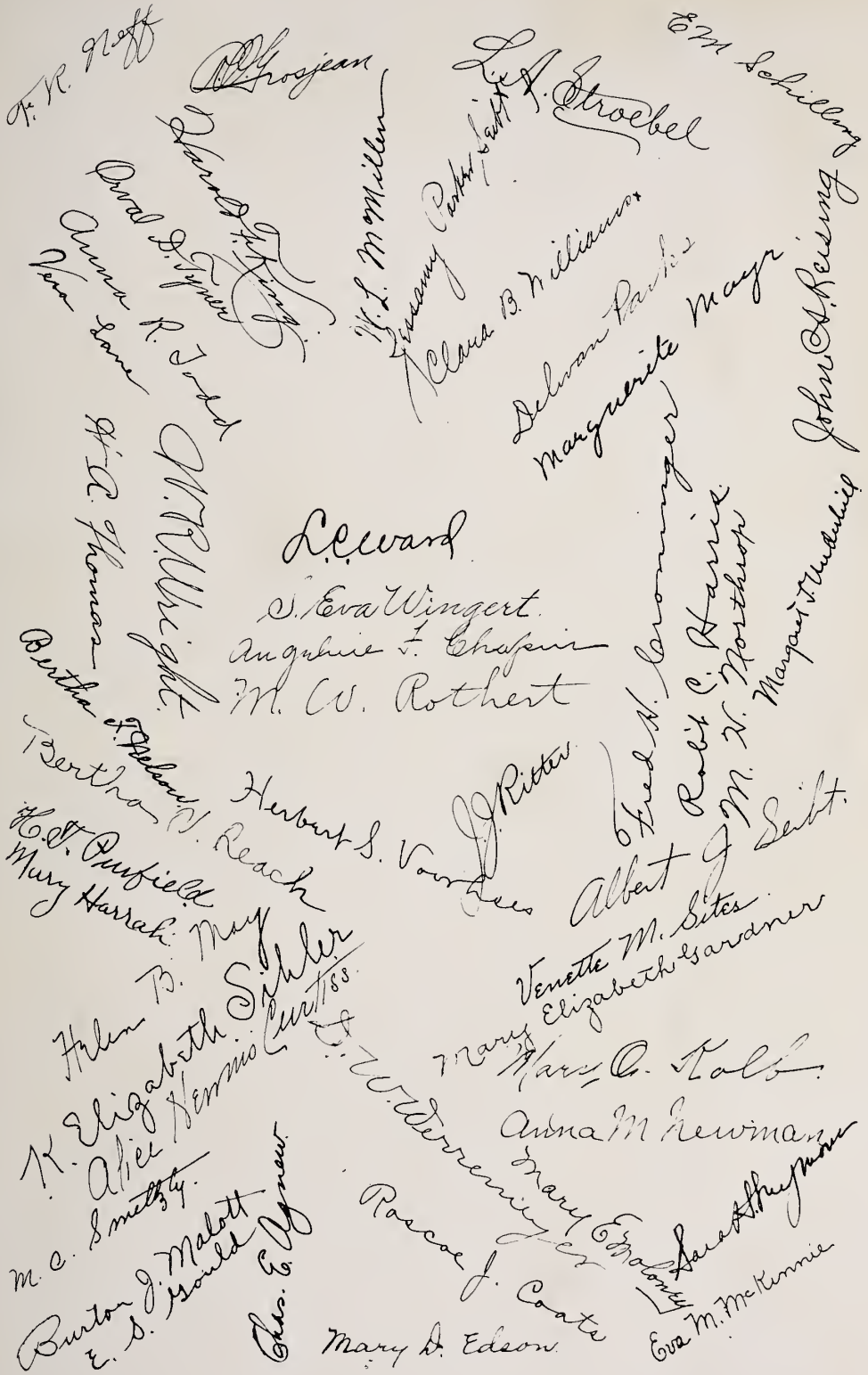
P. P. CLAXTON,

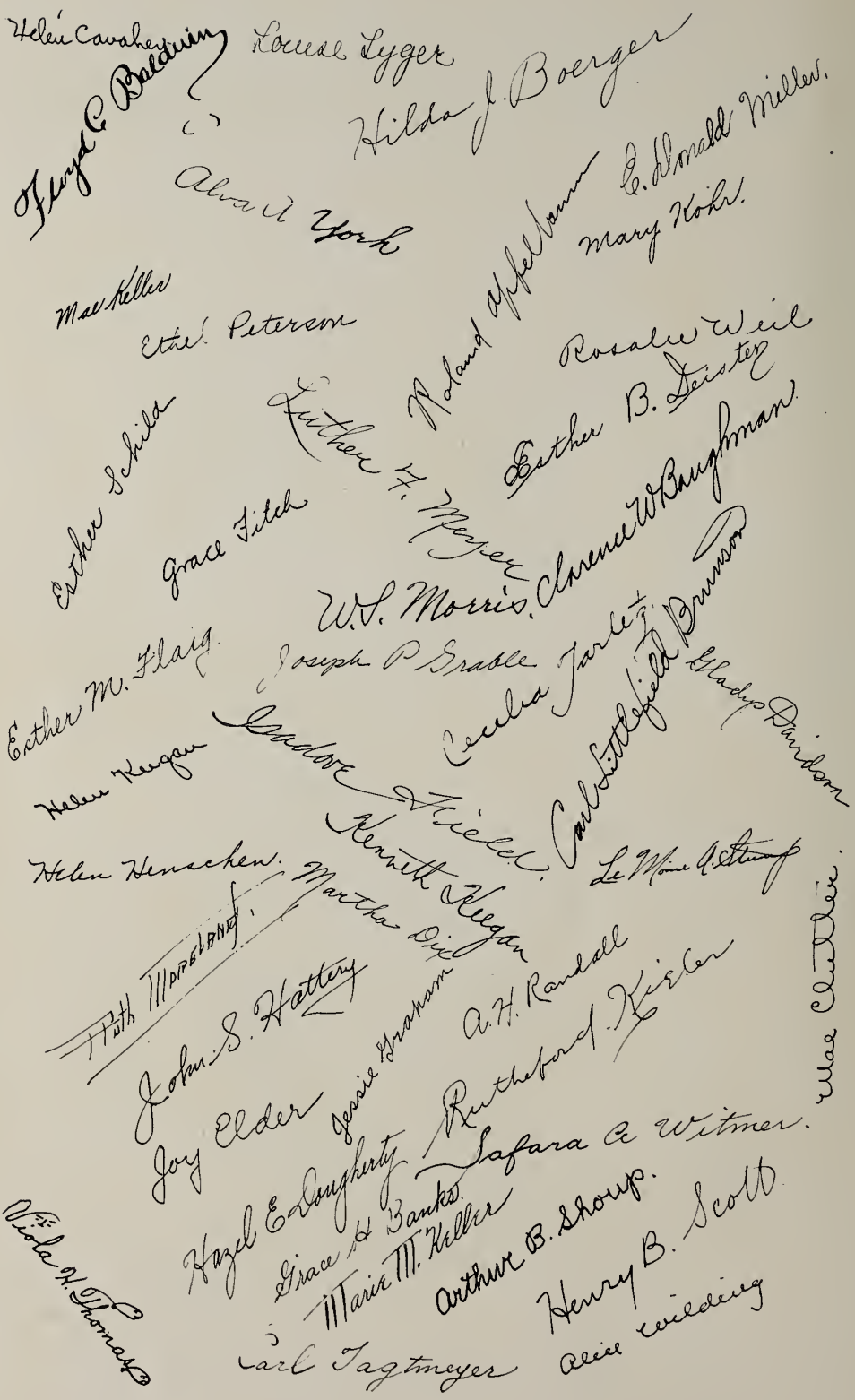
Commissioner of Education.

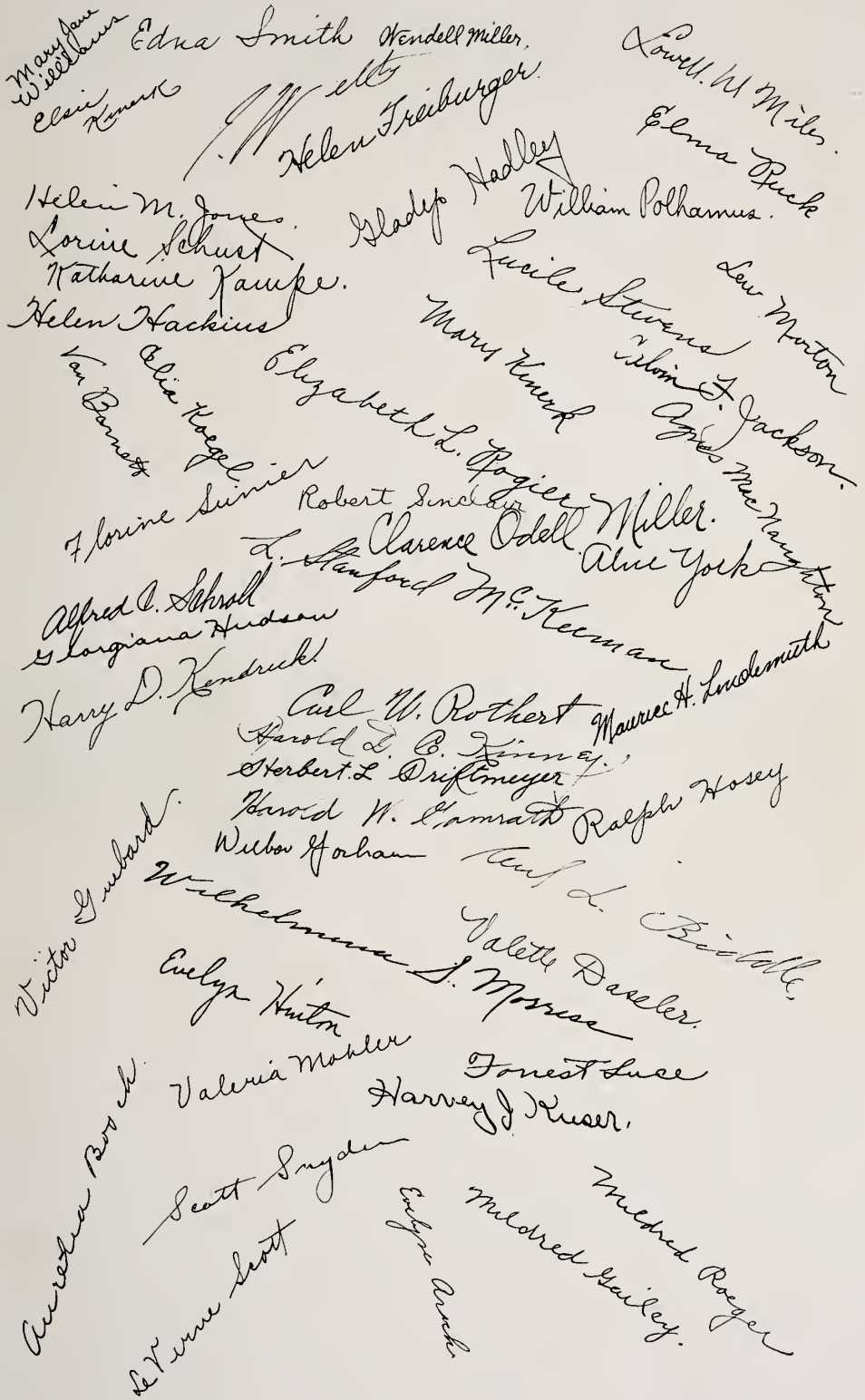
"ET TU, BRUTE!"

(C. N. W.,—'20.)

The mule stood on the steamboat deck,
The land he would not tread;
They pulled the halter round his neck
And whacked him o'er the head.
But obstinate and braced he stood,
As born the scene to rule,
A creature of the hold back brood,
A stubborn and steadfast mule.
They cursed and swore; he would not go
Until he felt inclined;
And, though they thundered blow on blow,
He altered not his mind.
The deck hand to the shore complained,
"The varmint's bound to stay!"
And still upon the critter's hide
A sounding lash made play.
His master from the shore replied,
"The boat's about to sail,
As other means have failed,
Suppose you twist his tail;
It's likely that will make him land."
The deck hand brave but pale
The nearer drew with out-stretched hand
To make the twist avail.
There came a kick of thunder sound;
The deck hand——Where was he?
Ask of the waves that far around
Beheld him in the sea.
A moment not a voice was heard
But winked the mule his eye,
As tho to ask to him occurred:
"Now how was that for high?"
"Just cut his throat!" the captain roared,
"And end the awful brute."
But the noblest soul who perished there
Was he who tried to do it.






Mary Jane Wiedbaus
Edna Smith
Wendell Miller.
Helen Freiburger.
Lowell H. Miles.
Elma Buck
Gladys Hadley
William Polhamus.
Helen M. Jones.
Lorine Schust
Katharine Kampe.
Helen Hackius
Lucile Stevens
Lew Morton
Mary Kunert
Elizabeth L. Pogue
Van Barnett
Florine Sinier
Robert Sinclair
Clarence Odell Miller.
Alice York
Alfred A. Schroll
Georgiana Hudson
Harry D. Kendrick
Carl W. Rothert
Maurice H. Lindemuth
Herbert L. Driftmeyer
Harold W. Samuels
Ralph Hosey
Wilbur Forham
Victor Gabbard
Valetta Dassler.
Evelyn Hutton
Valeria Mahler
Forest Luce
Harvey J. Kuser.
Scott Snyder
Mildred Bailey.
Mildred Rogers
Le Verne Scott

A Murder.

The night was dark, the wind howled through the whispering branches of the pines, and the moon peeped through the black clouds at intervals, then hid her face as if in horror. Across the fields stole a dark shape, slinking from the shadow of one tree to another—then stopped and listened, but hearing nothing but the whine of the wind he hastened on. At last he neared the house—the moon peeped out for an instant and, catching the glint of the cold steel blade, fled back to the shelter of the clouds. The figure vaulted a fence, then crept noiselessly toward the house. The window gave a screech of protest as it was thrust open—the figure halted—listened—and then crawled noiselessly in. A gasp—the spatter of blood on the wooden floor. Soon the figure emerged and hastened cautiously away over the fields carrying his booty in one hand and the stained steel blade in the other.

CONCLUSION.

The next day, Washington Jones (colored) had chicken for dinner.

* * *

Scene: A camp in the wood somewhere in France.

Time: Just after sunset.

Characters: Two British Tommies.

ACT I.

Whoooooo! Whooooo! Whooooo!

ACT II.

Wot the 'ell was that?

Them's owls.

I knows they's 'owls, but 'oo the 'ell is 'owlin'?

FINIS.

* * *

The butcher had been accidentally locked in one of his own cold storage compartments filled with wienies: "It is just like being lost in the Artics—if a relief expedition doesn't reach me, I'll be just like any other Artic explorer—I'll have to eat my own dogs."

The Brute.

I studied rythm, rhyme and feet
I put Pegasus to the spur,
In crisp iambics sought to tell
How very much I thought of her.

I wrote, tore up, then wrote some more,
Until my head was in a whirl;
Her name I could not rhyme, 'twas plain—
And so I found another girl.

* * *

Customer: One order of pea soup.

Waiter (to chef): Splash of split peas.

Customer: Couple of doughnuts and a cup of coffee without cream.

Waiter: Two submarines and a mug of murk, no sow!

Customer: An order of ham and eggs.

Waiter: Roast two on a slice of squeal.

Customer: Beef stew and a cup of tea for me.

Waiter: Bossy in a bowl, boiled leaves on the side.

Customer: A dozen raw oysters.

Waiter: Twelve alive in the shells.

Customer: Where's my eggs on toast?

Waiter: Rush the biddies on a raft.

Customer: I want a rump steak rare.

Waiter: Slab of moo—let him chew it.

Customer: I want a bowl of tomato soup, a plate of beans, bread and butter, a piece of apple pie, and a glass of water.

Waiter: One splash of red nose, platter of Saturday nights, dough well done with cow to cover, Eve with a lid on and a chaser of Adam's ale.

* * *

Doesn't This Sound Natural?

Shoup: I won five dollars at bowling last night.

Morton: Pin money, eh?

The Model Maid.

She makes no threat to summon help,
  In fact she offers no objections;
My arm goes firmly round her waist,
  My ears detect no interjection.
Experience this maid has had;
  She murmurs not when I caress her.
Her lips are wax, her heart is, too,
  And I—well, I'm the window dresser.

* * *

Hey, diddle, diddle, my Math's all a riddle,
I shall flunk in my History soon.
  The Freshmen may laugh
  Who are in their first half,
But they'll dance to the very same tune.

* * *

"Paradise"—
  A shaded room,
    An open fire,
  A cozy nook
    And your heart's desire.
"Inferno"—
  The room, the shade,
    The nook, the fire,
  The blessed charms,
    Then enter Sire.
"Purgatory"—
  The self-same room
    With lights afew,
  The self-same nook
    With Ma there, too.

* * *

Hubby: Why do you advise me to place plenty of sugar where the cockroaches can get it?

Wifey: Well, I just read an article where it says that cockroaches have three thousand teeth. My theory is that a heavy diet of sugar will necessarily cause tooth ache and the cockroach will die in great agony.

* * *

Father: Why don't you settle down? Why don't you get married? What's the matter with Miss Bary?

Sonny King: Her past, father.

Dad: What's wrong with her past?

Mr. King: Too much of it!

Spring Stuff.

It was in the churchyard. The morning sun was shining brightly and the dew was still on the grass.

"Ah, this is the weather that makes things spring up," observed a passer-by to an old gentleman seated on a bench.

"Hush," replied the old fellow. "I've got three wives buried here."

* * *

The ladies try to catch the eye
  With hats and dresses new;
The college lad is just as bad,
  And airs his fashions, too.
But after all in spring or fall,
  This truth remaineth still,
The soldier boy's the only guy
  That's dressed up fit to kill.

* * *

Out of Style.

Neff: Can you spell horse?

Doty: I could if I wanted to but what is the use of spelling anything so out of style?

* * *

I do not like the Freshman,
  For a man too fresh is he;
I care not for the Junior,
  Whose conceit is plain to see.
I cannot love the Senior,
  Though so near to his degree—
But I love the jolly Sophomore,
  Yes, he's the man for me.

* * *

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
  "You must set this matter right—
At what time did that fellow leave
  Who came to call last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
  And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
  Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came in her bright blue eyes
  And her dimple deeper grew;
" 'Tis sure no sin to tell him that,
  For a quarter of eight is two."

In Later Years.

Mabel: Why did Mary marry Howard? He's a perfect blockhead.

Irene: Well, you know she always liked hardwood trimmings about the house.

* * *

When first he went to see her,
He showed a timid heart;
And when the lights were low,
They sat this far apart.

But as their love grew fonder,
They learned to hug and kiss;
They knocked out all the spaces,
Andsatupcloselikethis.

* * *

Boss (suspiciously): Did it take you all afternoon to attend your grandmother's funeral?

Office Boy: Yes, sir, er-ah, it was a double header.

* * *

Senior Stuff.

There are meters iambic,
And meters trochaic,
And meters in musical tone.
But the meter
That's sweeter
And neater,
Completer,
Is to meet'r in the moonlight—alone.

* * *

Shambaugh: How did your picture of the girl in the bathing suit come out?

Stockberger: No good. Over exposure.

* * *

Beware.

Prof: Did you ever have Trigonometry?

Frank: No, pneumonia left me in this condition.

* * *

Noodle: No, she isn't exactly what you would call good-looking, but she has that indefinable something.

Boodle: Yes, I know. My girl's old man is a bank president too.

Slipping?

Mr. Croninger (after L. Hermann has explained a proposition): How many agree?

Not a sound.

Mr. Croninger: You haven't any supporters, Hermann.

* * *

Mac.: Tell me something of importance that exists now that did not exist a hundred years ago.

Welty: Me.

* * *

Back from Eden.

Brown: Back to town again? I thought you were a farmer.

Green: You made the same mistake I did.

* * *

The Shoe said to the Sock,
"I'll wear a hole in you."
The Sock said to the Shoe,
"I'll be darned if you do."

The tree said to the brook,
"I'll fall across you."
The brook said to the tree,
"I'll be dammed if you do."

The lad said to the lass,
"I'll put my arms around you."
The lass said to the lad,
"I'll be held if you do."

* * *

There's a Reason.

Old Man: Why did you slap your sister's face, Billy?

Billy: 'Cause the rest of her was bundled up.

* * *

If.

If all the Hens were motor cars
How awful it would be!
Police traps, fines and prison bars
Would wait for you and me.
And if it were the other way
We'd all sing glad Amens,
As fifteen cents for eggs we'd pay
If motor cars were Hens.

The Conspirators.

Brutus: Is Caesar not a boob, Cassius?

Cassius: Ah, it is a vacation for Caesar's brains to think.

* * *

Stranded Motorist: Madam, have you an extra tire about you?

Lady Motorist: Sir! I'm well bundled up, that's why I look that way.

* * *

Advice to Students.

A man is known by the company that keeps him.

A man is also known by the friends he does not have.

If you stay up nights, you can't keep up daytimes.

* * *

Motto: Never run after a woman or a street car. There will be another along in a few minutes.

* * *

Alta made an angel cake
For her darling Harry's sake.
For her sake
Harry ate every crumb,
Then he heard the angel's drum
Calling softly, "Harry, come."
Harry went.

* * *

Another Indignity.

Mary O. K.: Another indignity! I looked up "woman" in the dictionary and it said "see mankind."

* * *

She: He has one of those baseball moustaches.

He: What's that?

She: You know, nine on a side.

* * *

Positivel This is the True.

Question: What makes a fellow give a girl chocolates?

Answer: The girl.

* * *

Wise Bird: Ever see a close race?

Other Guy: Sure, I spent a year among the Hebrews.

Getting Fast.

Lindie: May I see you tonight?

Helen: Yes, but remember that mother turns out the lights at ten-thirty.

Lindie: All right, I'll be there promptly at half past ten.

* * *

"Did you ever know a person could get drunk on water?"

"Impossible; you can't get drunk on water."

"I don't see why a person can't get drunk on water as well as on land."

* * *

On the Skirmish Line.

Interested: And so two of your sons are Boy Scouts? Where do they do most of their reconnoitering?

Disgusted: In our refrigerator.

* * *

Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren or Bulwer?

Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," but Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

* * *

The Cautious Burglar.

A cautious look around he stole,
His bags of chink he chunk,
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

* * *

How's come you were arrested?

Some boys wanted to play a joke on me and put a bad half dollar on the sidewalk, thinking I would pick it up. I went right on by it. When I got about a block away a policeman arrested me for passing counterfeit money.

* * *

Slow Guy.

Chief Lenz (over the phone): Sir, your son has been arrested for driving forty miles per hour.

Mr. Shambaugh: Huh, if he can't drive any faster than that, let the piker stay in jail.

Popular Songs.

That's How I Need You (Diploma).
The Curse of an Aching Heart (Report Card).
Good-bye Boys (Graduates).
Oh! Oh! Oh! What a Night (Just Before Exams.).
Perfect Day (First Day of Vacation).

* * *

William looking down a gun,
Pulled the trigger just for fun.
Mother says in accents pained,
William is so scatter brained.

* * *

The Song of the Katydid.

There was a young lover that
Came to woo.
And this was the song he sung:
"Katy do! Katy do! Katy do!

"Oh! the curves that I've pitched
And the bases I've slid,
All for you! All for you! All for you!"
And what do you think—
Katy did! Katy did! Katy did!

* * *

Well Kept.

Friend: Are you taking good care of your cold?
Sufferer: You bet I am. I have had it six weeks and it's as good as new.

* * *

A girl, a boy;
A room, all joy.
A man, a light,
A leap—good night!!

* * *

The following chemical reaction takes place between potassium iodide and sulphur: 2S plus KI equal KISS. Field claims the experiment takes place better in the dark and is accompanied by a small crackling noise.

* * *

A Brutal Attack.

Judge: You say he assaulted you with a deadly and dangerous weapon?
Neff: Yes sir, he tried to hit me with a fly swatter.

Complimentary.

Teacher: If any of you girls ever go out to a farm you'll certainly feel at home when you go into the poultry yard and hear the cackling.

* * *

I think you're the finest looking man I ever saw.
I'm sorry, but I can't return the compliment.
You could if you told as big a lie as I did.

* * *

Kinney: What drove the other Exchange Editor crazy?
Stump: She read of bargains thousands of miles away.

* * *

Cheap.

The U. S. History class was discussing how the settlers purchased their wives with tobacco.
Girls: The very idea of buying a wife!
Smart Boy: Huh, I should say so; a man can get as many as he wants for the asking now.

* * *

William: I am going to see Oliver Twist tonight.
Baade: Yes, they say he does it very gracefully, without a net, too.

* * *

Great Movie Spectacle

"IN THE PALACE OF THE KING"
5000 People
4000 Costumes
(No wonder it was censored.)

* * *

Oh! wheels of time turn on,
You turn so very slow,
I wish the time would come,
When we could rise and go.

* * *

Elma R.: I wonder if it's a sin for me to find pleasure in having people tell me I'm pretty?
Answer: Yes, it's always wrong to encourage falsehood.

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Fresh: Anana what? No! Who teaches it?

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Appy: Sure.

Keegan: All right, I'll borrow it and pay you back next week.

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German!

Hans: Ach, but that woman is gross.

Fritz: Yeah, she's a perfect 144.

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Bill: No, but April May.

Mac.: Now don't July.

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Occupations:	1st Year	2nd Year	3rd Year	4th Year	5th Year
Insurance Agents	$1,665	$1,150	$1,480	$1,908	$2,708
College Teachers and Officials	1,376	945	1,001	1,093	1,419
School Teachers and Officials	988	1,118	1,324	1,456	1,500
Social or Religious Workers	924	1,100	1,400	1,404	1,766
Farmers and Ranchmen	893	1,200	1,866	1,600	2,400
Government Employees	825	860	1,165	1,575	2,650
Real Estate Dealers	825	1,100	1,750	2,140	2,550
Musicians	750	1,100	1,450	1,700	1,350
Advertisers and Publishers	730	1,202	1,702	2,792	3,600
Business Men	717	885	1,246	1,657	1,967
Journalists	660	790	821	920	1,168
Engineers	650	942	1,352	1,286	1,702
Manuafuctrers	602	1,185	1,639	2,100	2,485
Brokers	537	1,376	2,086	2,237	2,695
Bankers	510	938	1,170	1,472	2,112
Graduate Students	487	542	425	447	370
Lawyers	358	339	608	927	1,244
Foresters	...	...	1,100	1,300	1,500
Total Replying	$ 131	$ 151	$ 160	$ 177	$ 184
Average—all Occupations	740	968	1,286	1,522	1,885

Average for all occupations—five-year period $1,280.82

Average Insurance Agents—five-year period 1,872.33

The facts contained in the above table certainly give convincing proof that life insurance agents earn more money than clerks in banks and stores, or men who own and manage the average store or business house. And furthermore, the life insurance agent can shift his place of business at will. If business is poor in one particular section, the life in surance agent is not tied there as is the ordinary merchant but can work in better territory.

Study Life Insurance

It will be noted that Insurance Agents averaged to earn 62% more money over the five-year period than was averaged by the men who chose other professions. It should be remembered, however, that it does not require a college education to enable a man or a woman to earn money selling life insurance.

There is no line of work open to the person of average education and ability, without capital or influence in which the opportunities for accomplishing immediate financial returns, building up a substantial income and attaining to a position of importance and prominence in the business affairs of a community, are equal to the opportunities offered by a life insurance agency. The only capital required is clean character, a clear head, honesty of purpose, tact, enthusiasm and a big surplus of indomitable energy and grim determination to succeed.' Endowed with these prerequisites the man or woman who takes up life insurance work need have no fear of failure, and if he or she will carefully study the business, making the best possible use of time and opportunities, success is certain.

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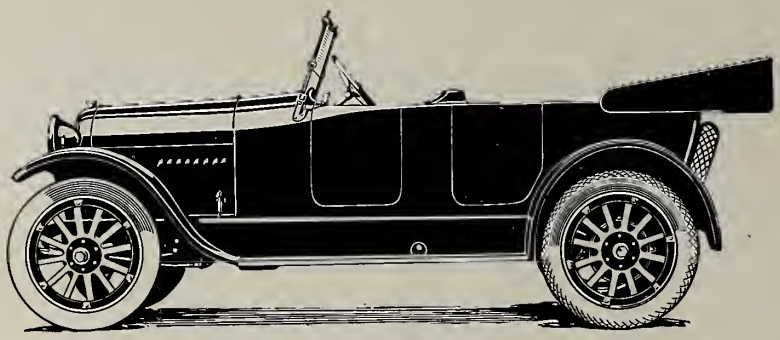

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The Distinction.

Willie: Pa, what is the difference between an invalid and a sick person?
Pa: An invalid, my son, has money.

Ask for Campus Togs; they are exclusive suits and overcoats for young men.
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Prof: Keegan, where is Hawaii?
Keegan (sleepily): What?
Prof: Hawaii.
Ambition: Oh, fine, thank yop.

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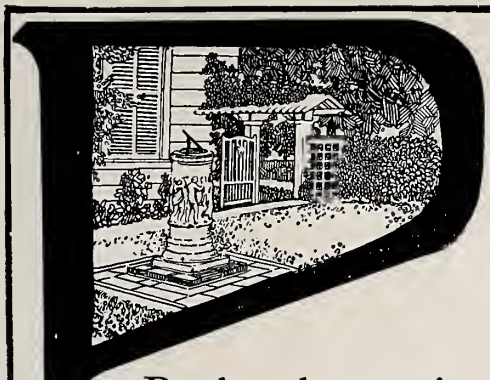

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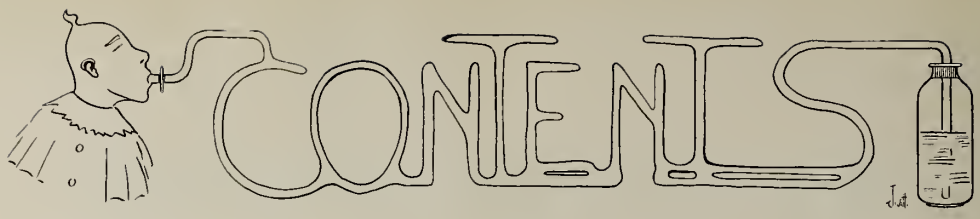

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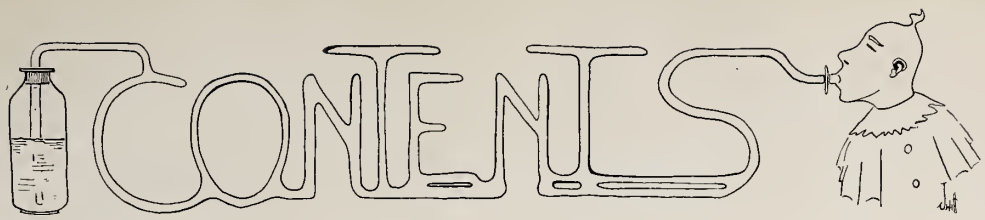

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Tell us not in mocking accents,
That our book is on the bum;
If you think that you can beat it—
Well, you'll have to go it some.

In this book are weeks of effort,
And to graft was not our aim;
But to get out one big Caldron,
Really worthy of the name.

Still the Caldrons will remind us,
Though our lives be not sublime,
If the books are all disposed of,
We have made it worth our time.

JUN 3 1937